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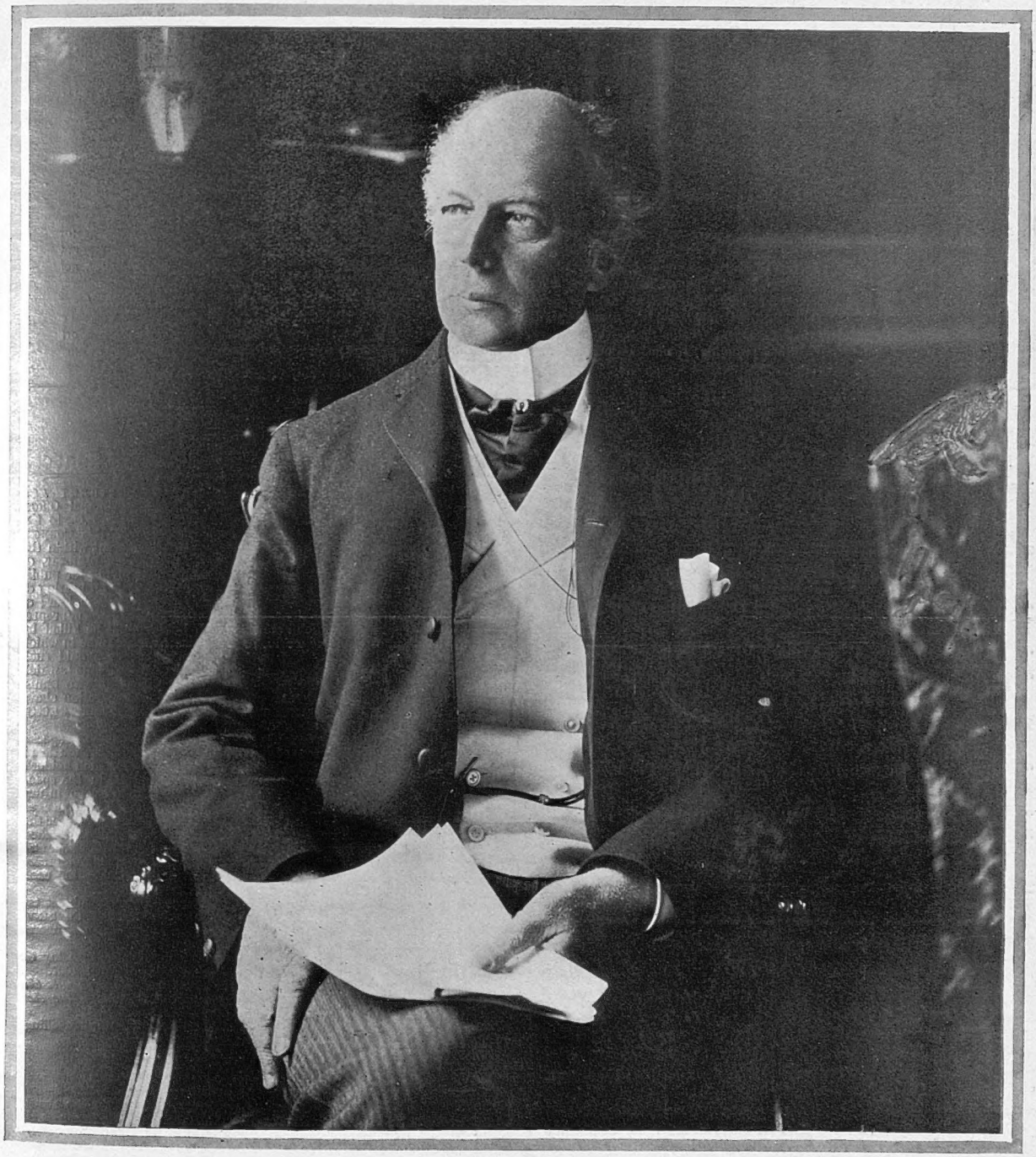

Photo *E. H. Mills*

THE DOYEN OF THE IMPERIAL PREMIERS

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., who has been for eleven years Prime Minister of Canada. His recent speech proclaiming Canada's policy of "looking towards the Motherland" has caused a notable revival of the agitation in favour of Imperial Preference

No. 176.—Vol. XIV.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, April 17, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	105
Bystander Comments	107
The Topictator	109
The Playhouses...	110
The World's Pageant	113
Continental Chat	124
"The Bystander" Colonial Supplement: Shall We Reciprocate? Scenes in Some of the Chief Centres of Colonial Wealth and Work	127
The Modern Rake's Progress.—Scene XI.	132
Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.—No. 71: "Lady Annabel's Renunciation." By C. Edwardes	136
Readers in Some Eastern Lands	141
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	150
Automobile Topics	153
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	157
The Library	VII
Garden Notes	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 17, 1907

If the gentleman who has thrown the Shoreham bungalow residents into such a state of indignation by purchasing their beach desires to re-name the village, in order to distinguish it from Shoreham proper—how about Shear'em?

* * *

Another musical infant prodigy has arisen. Her Christian name is Ruby. Last week, her father, Mr. Taylor, blindfolded her, but she played right through one of Chopin's waltzes in spite of it. Evidently nothing short of handcuffs will stop the child. We recommend these to Mr. Taylor.

* * *

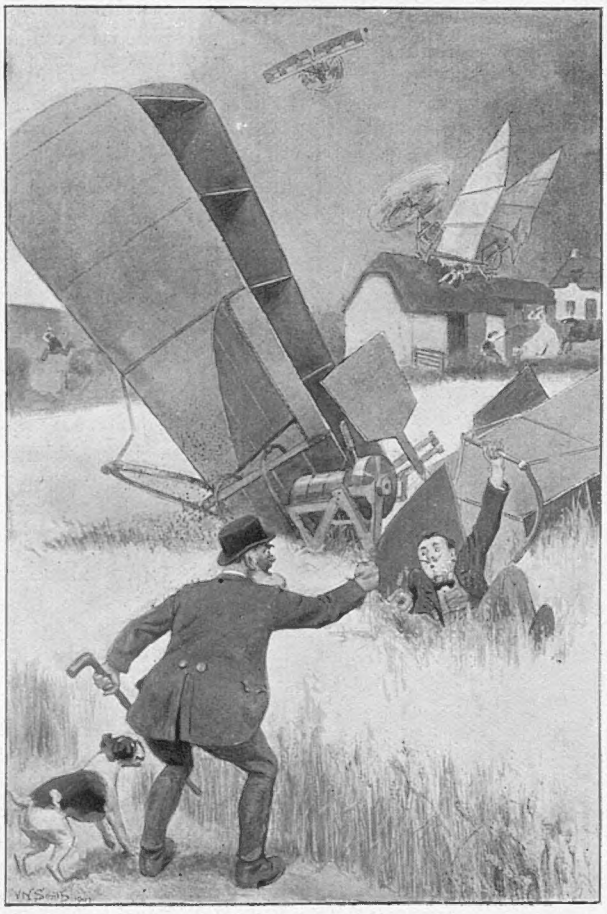
It seems that aeroplane inventors ought to have begun by studying natural history. Some of the flying creatures which they have taken as models, in the innocence of their hearts, are no use at all. The butterfly, for example, which is only a fine-weather flier. The bat, also, is far too erratic. So is the death's-head moth — besides being depressing. The penguin aeroplane is obviously impossible, except for diving purposes, which are really negligible. Aeroplanes are too apt to dive, anyway.

* * *

Personally, we should prefer an ostrich aeroplane, which flies along the ground, and hides its head in a bush, if the policeman wants to take its number. It is no use being too rash or flying too high. That is why we approve chiefly of the exhibits that show a dash of caution in their construction. There is one flying machine that becomes a boat when it falls into the sea (as it probably will if the sea is anywhere handy). But there are, when one comes to think of it, lots of other things that one might fall into. A proper aeroplane will be fitted with climbing-irons, in case one falls into a tree; a brush, and perhaps a sponge, in case one falls down a chimney; and a quick-change disguise, in case one fell on a policeman and wanted to prove an *alibi*.

* * *

The French import ideas even into their strikes. A baker who put soap into the bread instead of simply folding his hands or bashing blacklegs gets a very good chance of making a nuisance of himself. We are not quite certain, in these days of adulteration, whether people would know if soap had been put into their bread or not, but it is clear that Parisians have been considerably alarmed by the idea that they might be eating soap without knowing it. Many laid in large stores of flour last week, in order that they might make sure of washing and eating separately. Lucky people, who have gardens, brought in sheep. What they would taste like after browsing on flowers for a week we cannot say. But we can guess what the gardeners would say.



As the Bard Would Put It

"To be thus is nothing—but to be safely thus——"
MACBETH, Act III., Scene 1.

(By V. N. Smith)

* * *

Those who lived through the siege probably bought some cats and rat-traps. Rats *à la maître d'hôtel* were considered very good eating in those days. Better really than poodle.

* * *

Of all the strikes that might conceivably occur in London, the most successful would undoubtedly be that of the hairdressers. Bakers would be a nuisance, but Englishmen could bear starvation better than the French. Hairdressers, on the other hand, if they held out for a month, would find us on our knees to them. Fancy Londoners having to go to the House with their hair straying on their necks, like poets, or club men having to submit to a basin on their heads and their housekeepers' scissors.

We hope no further attempts will be made to break into Wormwood Scrubbs Prison. They are only calculated to give pain to its somewhat exclusive inhabitants, and, in any case, they are not worth while. A good many ex-convicts have written to the *Evening News* to say so. The food is not really good, the service is second-rate, the cellar contemptible. Outsiders ought to try and realise that in many ways they are far better off, especially now that the place is so understaffed.

* * *

England and the Colonial Premiers

(*After Lewis Carroll*)

"You are old, Mother England," the Premiers said—
"Yet you stick to Free Trade very tight
"And will not consent by your sons to be led—
"Do you really consider that right?"

"I am old, I admit," Mother England replied—
"But I once was as youthful as you;
"That's why, though I like you to state your own side,
"I prefer to consider mine too."

* * *

Windows or no windows in Regent Street? The shopkeepers are naturally all for an architecture that shall leave them their windows, but in our opinion it is a matter to be settled by the public. Wives will be for windows, husbands against them. Why (we speak as a husband) have windows to shops? If you want something you can go inside and buy it. If you don't want anything, why go and look at the windows until you do. Think what a lot you lose by looking in at shop windows. And what a lot your husband loses!

* * *

The "Throne"

(*Suggestions for a future number of our high-class contemporary.*)

Why the King does *not* Play Golf.
Duchesses who Boycott Ealing. (By One of Them.)
The Price of Prince Eddy's Braces.
Should Women Steer Hydroplanes?
The Etiquette of Air Machines. (By a Countess.)
The Insect Life of Mayfair. (By the Earl of D——)
How Footmen Acquire Their Calves. (By the Wife of a Bishop.)
Mal-de-mer at Cowes.—Are Yachtsmen Sympathetic? A Causerie (1) Yes.—(By the Commodore R.Y.B.S.C.Z.) (2) No.—(By a Russian Princess.)

* * *

What is becoming of the feminine note in fiction, about which one used to hear so much? Reading a story by a well-known lady author the other day, we were astounded to come on the following sentence: "Blushing, she passed her *rusty* needle through the embroidery." "Rusty?" we repeated. "Surely, you cannot sew with a rusty needle. We ourselves have tried and failed." We looked back (having, we must confess, skimmed the story). It appeared that, a few minutes before, the heroine—needle in hand—had had cause to weep. Only a few tears. But they had made the needle rusty! . . . It is time men gave their attention to this class of fiction.

* * *

Londoners are having their sins brought home to them this April. In *The Nineteenth Century*, Mrs. Grossman—of New Zealand—is very severe upon us. "Fraud and dissolute living," she says, "seem to flourish without restraint—in London. Within doors and out of doors there is urbanity, but not much humanity. . . Puritanism is a term to jeer at." There is a lot more about us that is not cheerful reading, but the above is enough to show that, in Mrs. Grossman's opinion, the average Londoner might be described as Mr. Gross man.

* * *

We think it would have been in better taste had some of our contemporaries, in announcing the death of Mr. Owen Hall, refrained from reminding us that he was the inventor of musical comedy.

* * *

FEMALE SUFFRAGE: WOMEN ELECTED TO FINNISH PARLIAMENT

Exactly what we always said they would do.

* * *

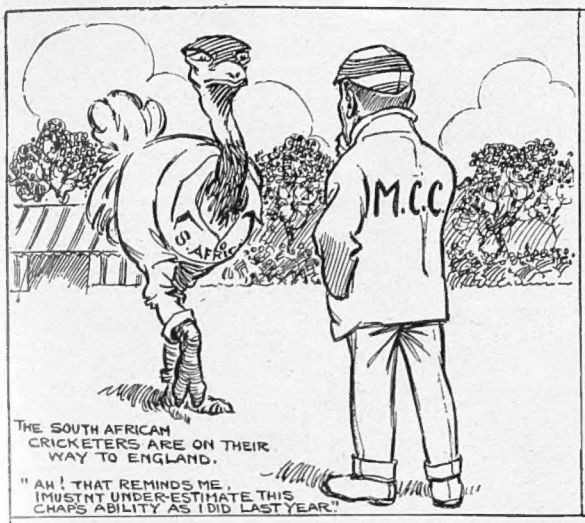
Owing to the premature advent of Summer at Easter, about 23,478 people did 23,478 foolish things, and are now lying in 23,478 beds suffering from 23,478 severe colds.

Slightly Out of Place, However

MRS. MALONEY: "Eh! ye may laugh at th' ould man's patch, ye spalpeen, but, sure, 'tis a warm heart that beats behoind it!"

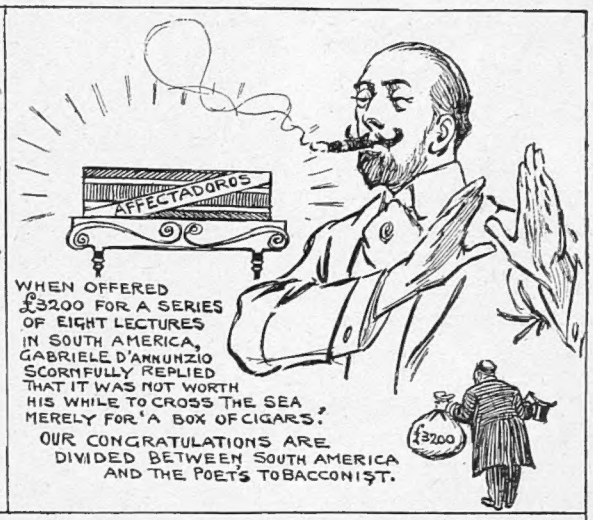
(BY HOPE READ)

The Topictator



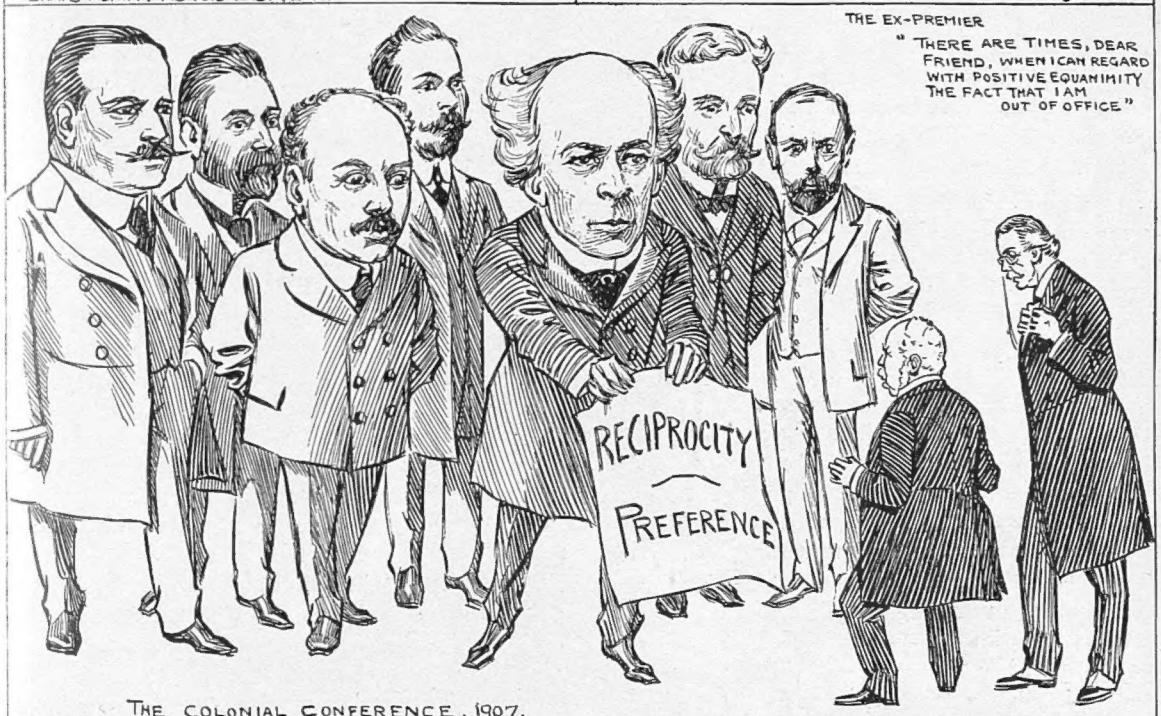
THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKETERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND.

"AH! THAT REMINDS ME, I MUSTNT UNDER-ESTIMATE THIS CHAPS ABILITY AS I DID LAST YEAR."



WHEN OFFERED £3200 FOR A SERIES OF EIGHT LECTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA, GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO SCORNFULLY REPLIED THAT IT WAS NOT WORTH HIS WHILE TO CROSS THE SEA MERELY FOR 'A BOX OF CIGARS!'

OUR CONGRATULATIONS ARE DIVIDED BETWEEN SOUTH AMERICA AND THE POET'S TOBACCONIST.

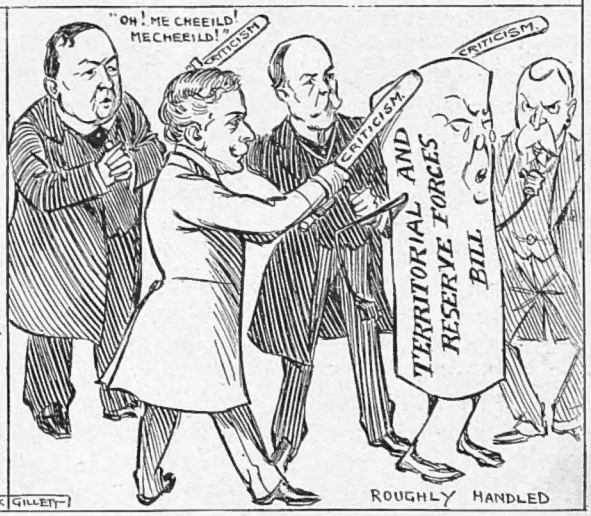


THE EX-PREMIER

"THERE ARE TIMES, DEAR FRIEND, WHEN I CAN REGARD WITH POSITIVE EQUANIMITY THE FACT THAT I AM OUT OF OFFICE"

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE. 1907.

THE PARIS PROVISION TRADE IS THREATENED WITH A WHOLESALE STRIKE



ROUGHLY HANDLED

FRANK GILLETT

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COMEDY THEATRE

"The Truth"

The struggle of Mr. Clyde Fitch to achieve a big London success still goes on. I have watched it from its inception with the greatest interest. On the one hand, we have a playgoing public whose taste in drama is robustious; on the other, a dramatist who could not be robustious if he were threatened with the immediate loss of all his royalties. Now a British dramatist knows well the tastes of the public for whom he caters. So what does that great dramatist Mr. Robinson do? Why, after he has finished his play he pulls a wry face and goes through the MSS., dropping in "strong" lines. He loathes the task of putting in buckram, but it has to be done. His sadness increases when expressions of public opinion begin to fall upon his ears. It is these strong lines which the public rolls round its tongue; these stiffened situations which make the great heart of the public beat yet faster.

The art of Mr. Fitch is delicate. It is to the art of the British dramatist as the painting on fans to the painting on ceilings. The truly British playgoer, with his ear tuned to receive a strong note, sits through a play by Mr. Fitch, and, hearing no more than a murmuring in a shell, comes away—with his yearning to hear something booming—still unsatisfied. Some day, one of the big men in the critical line will reveal the *nuances* of Mr. Fitch's art. This eulogist will hail Mr. Fitch as a comedy writer of the first rank; as a man who exposes the manners and foibles of the men and women of his generation by a thousand delightful touches; as a dramatist whom one can name in the same breath as Sheridan without risk of running tilt against the powers of the Lunacy Commissioners.

Then will be heard the hurtling of public opinion as it swings round with its customary violence. Then will the British playgoer go to see a play by Mr. Fitch with his eyes too wide open. Then will the British playgoer be flicked into ecstasy by the subtleties of Mr. Fitch. Then will the speech of the best-dressed feminine character declining sugar in her tea—a line heretofore received with apathy—throw the whole house into convulsions of merriment.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Least Photographed Man in the Theatrical World

Mr. Charles Frohman, the famous *impresario*, who is associated with Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, of New York, in an attempt to secure, at huge salaries, English artists for the American stage. Though his name is a household one, his features are almost unknown to the public

Why Not Retain Acts III. and IV.?

In *The Truth* the central idea is as follows:—A winsome young wife has throughout her life been addicted to the reprehensible habit of telling fibs. Her husband has implicit confidence in her. Evidence of her untruthfulness begins to pile up against her until the weight of it shakes the confidence of her husband. She has told so many little lies to serve small purposes that when she tells the truth in a crisis he does not believe her. The husband goes away. The innocent wife, grief-stricken, flies off to Brighton to her blackguardly old father. This father has long lost his self-respect. He is sponging on a vulgar woman, who wishes to marry him. But he quails at the idea of his daughter being brought to his own level. So he tells her a bit of family history. He owes his degradation to the fact that, years ago, his wife refused to believe his assertion that he was guiltless of being unfaithful to her, and left him. Time and again he had broken his word to her about gambling and card-playing. Her confidence was shaken, and when the crisis arose she could not recognise the truth.

The same ruin which overcame him now threatens his daughter. At all costs she must return to her husband. She tells her father the real state of the case. Her husband has left her. Why? Because he cannot believe her assertion of innocence.

Again the crisis occurs when she must be believed. The father, from bitter experience in his own case, recognises that his daughter is telling the truth.

The scene between father and daughter is the strong scene in the play. It occurs in the third act. Several notices I have read advance the opinion that the third and fourth acts are unnecessary. One can only suppose that the writers prefer a play without a body to it.

Acting to be Thankful For

The acting of the play is a joy to the beholder. Miss Marie Tempest proves her greatness by her power of doing little things. She produces small effects which are cumulative. First one little touch, then another little touch—she supplies to embellish the portrait of the untruthful young wife.

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

Miss Tempest, like April, gives us, in the play, of her smiles and of her tears. Her phrasing is as excellent when she acts as when she sings.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is masterly in his performance of the old father. His sure touch is a blessed relief after the wobbly performances so often witnessed on the London stage. Indeed, some performances by quite high-salaried actors put one in mind of a game of blind man's buff, in which the actor only occasionally grasps the character, and that by the merest fluke. Mr. Allan Aynesworth as the downright good fellow of a husband successfully masked his downright good-fellowship. There are some good fellows on the stage who make one yearn for the society of villains. Mr. Aynesworth is not of this type. Mr. Dawson Millward appeared very successfully as the philanderer who brings trouble between husband and wife, and gave the kiss which betrayed his villainy with due emphasis. Miss Gracie Lane played capitally the difficult rôle of the villain's lachrymose wife. The part affords an instance of the skilful touch of the dramatist, as it explains more eloquently than words the reasons why the villain should hanker after other women.

Miss Sybil Carlisle must wish that her rôle had been as prettily coloured and daintily conceived as her robe.

Miss Rosina Filippi was most amusing as the vulgar woman.

There should be a professional matinée of *The Truth*, to show the town the rare spectacle of a cast of nine players doing justice to nine well-written parts.

CRITERION THEATRE

"The Liars"

After *The Truth*, *The Liars*. Quite an experience for playgoers in stage ethics. The two plays are concerned with the same situation, that of the wife and the *tertium quid*. Of the two, Mr. Jones's play has the stronger moral tone. It is as good as a sermon to hear Sir Christopher Deering (Sir Charles Wyndham) tell off the possible results from firstly to sixthly of Falkner's insane love for Lady Jessica (Miss Mary Moore). And the lectures the poor lady has to undergo for her flightiness! Mr. Jones might have named his play "The Saints."

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mrs. Russ Whytal

One of the many feminine "stars" in America who engage and manage their own companies. Mrs. Whytal will be seen in England under the banner of Mr. Tree during the Shakespearean festival at His Majesty's Theatre

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Evelyn Beaumont

Who is now playing in *The Stronger Sex* at the Apollo

The revival emphasises a curious point. A person in real life who talked with half the flow and literary elegance of the characters in *The Liars* would be regarded as a prodigious conversationalist. Mr. Jones has had something to say, I think, upon the literary drama. Can he mean by this phrase, a drama in which the characters talk in a literary strain? Anyhow, Sir Christopher Deering and his associates talk in a manner which makes us feel ashamed of the prevalence of modern slang. Miss Mary Moore repeats a capital performance. Her Lady Jessica is just the lackadaisical and hollow worldling to inspire love in the breast of the virile troubler, Edward Falkner, played in a manly and sensible fashion by Mr. Thalberg Corbett. E. C. S.

"The Typhoon" at the Hippodrome

Described as a sensational and dramatic spectacle, *The Typhoon* figures as the chief item on the Hippodrome programme. The book of the present piece is by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova, and the story centres round an English girl who has been kidnapped by a wealthy Chinese Mandarin. She escapes, and, together with her lover, finds asylum on board a British boat which is about to quit port. Just as the vessel is starting, an old Chinese high priest begs a passage for himself, his idol, and attendant priests. At first there is some demur, but at the sight of the proffered gold, the captain assents. When night falls, the supposed priests discard their disguises and show themselves to be the men of the Mandarin, who himself turns out to be the old high priest. They capture the vessel and bind the crew, and one is wondering what will happen next, when a terrific storm arises. With great effect, the wind whistles among the orchestra and behind the stage, whence proceed blinding flashes of lightning and deafening roars of thunder. Rain and hail descend in torrents from the Hippodrome's gilded dome, the arena is flooded; the doomed ship, mercilessly buffeted by gigantic waves, bursts into flame; the unlucky idol is cast overboard by its terrified and disgusted followers, who have freed their prisoners; a lifeboat appears upon the scene, does its work of rescue, and, amidst applause, the curtain falls. R. M.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Royal Holiday

To-day, the King and Queen leave Naples and start on that part of their holiday in which nothing of a dutiful or official nature has part. Their meeting with the King of Spain, satisfactorily accomplished, has cemented once and for all the sincere friendship which now unites England and Spain. British dignity, Spanish courtesy, mutual esteem and affection, all these combined to make memorable last week's most auspicious Royal meeting. In family, in politics, in commerce, our interest now are one and the same. The birth of an heir to the King and Queen of Spain would appear to promise a period of prosperity to their country. To the Spanish people themselves the manner of the celebration of the event is joyous enough. The bull-fight on the Sunday following the baby's birth is to be doubly a bull-fight, for twice the usual number of bears are to be sacrificed, and there will be illuminations. A State performance at the Opera is to present *Hamlet* in deference to the nationality of the Queen; and, again, for the people, a subsidised lottery of 500,000 pesetas is to be advanced.

* * *

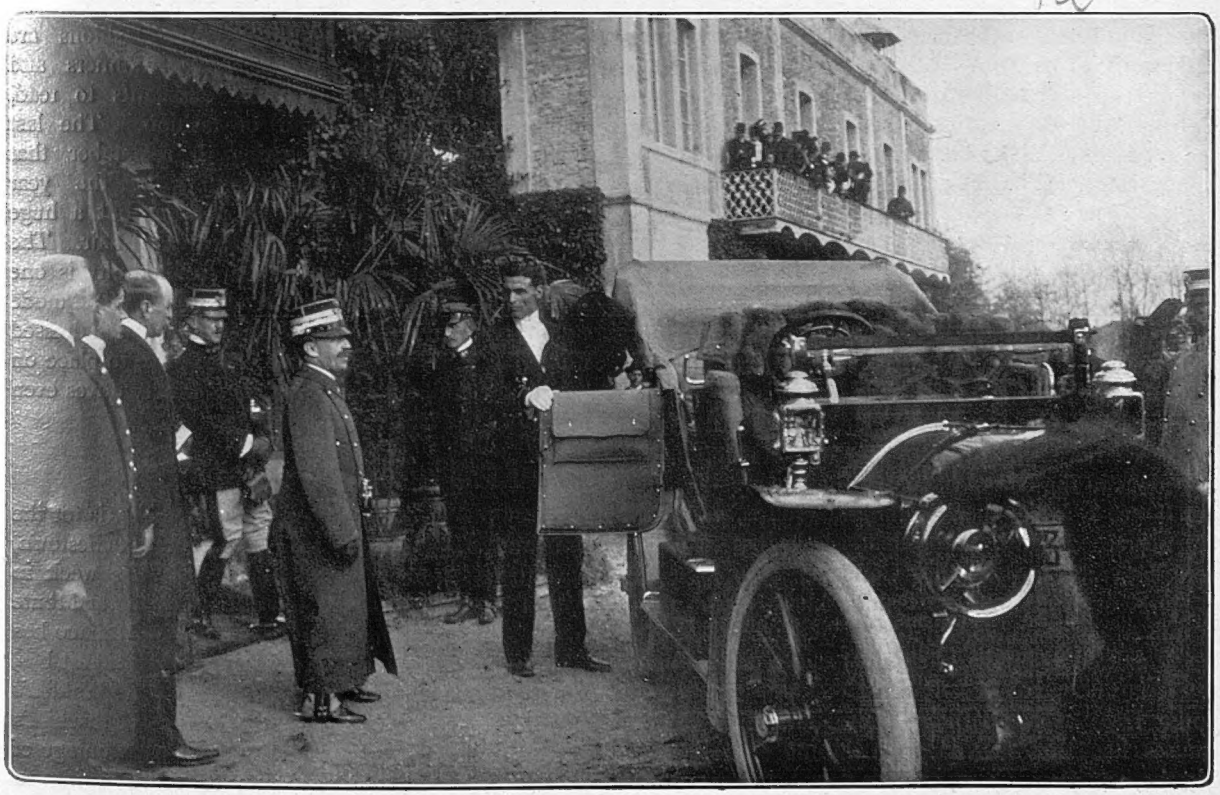
Photo *Park*

Motor-Boat Races at Monaco

Lord Howard de Walden at the helm of his *Daimler II.*

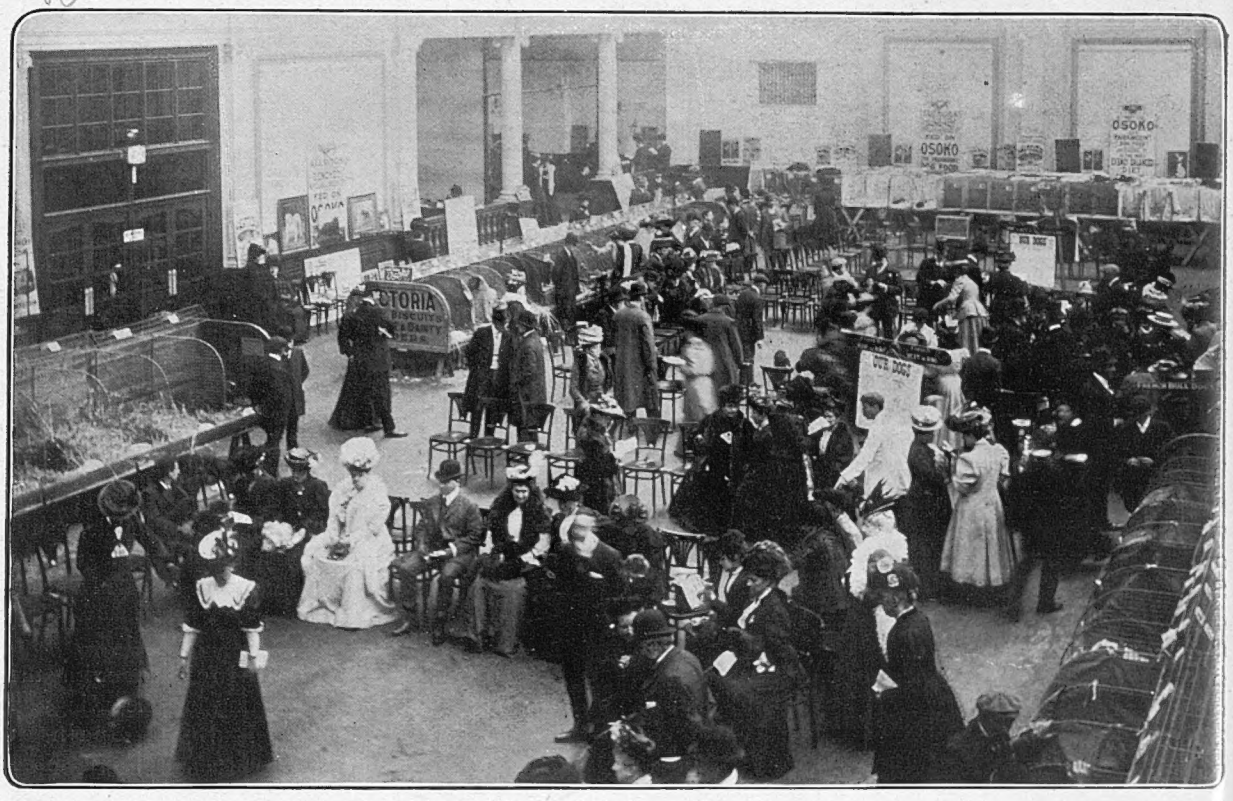
The King of Italy in Athens

Coincident with the meeting of the Kings of England and Spain at Cartagena, a Royal meeting at Athens took place. The visit of King Victor Emanuel of Italy to King George of Greece was, however, no coincidence. It was, as the *Eclair* remarks, due primarily to the indefatigable activity of



Horse Shows on the Continent: King Victor Emanuel at the Concours Hippique National on April 2

Shows at Home and Abroad



At the Ladies' Kennel Club Show: The judges at work

Nearly three hundred and fifty dogs were exhibited at this year's Show, some of the most interesting of which are seen on the page opposite

King Edward, and had for its chief object the settlement of Mediterranean questions and the claims of Italy in the Balkans. The ever-increasing activity of Great Britain in the Mediterranean, and the support she extends to Italy, has proved to Greece that a change of attitude was desirable. Hence the visit of King George to Rome, and hence the exchange of courtesies last week at Athens. The Queen of Italy was, unfortunately, unable to accompany the King to Athens. She has not been well for some time, and is very anxious about her mother, for whose benefit a famous specialist has now been summoned from Paris.

* * *

The Concours Hippique

Our photograph of King Victor Emanuel at the Roman Concours Hippique serves to remind us that "classic" horse shows are by no means the monopoly of our own nation. As a matter of fact, we have literally nothing in England corresponding in any way with the Concours Hippique, which is the first great social event of the Paris season. Taking place as it does in the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysée, our Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall is, perhaps, its nearest English equivalent, and that is still very far away. For the Concours Hippique is as smart as Goodwood, as fashionable as Ascot, and as universally attended (by the inevitable Paris *demi-monde* as well as by the other half) as the Derby, and yet it is under cover. At the Concours Hippiques, Spring fashions make their *début*. The world which amuses itself has arrived from Monte Carlo, from Biarritz, and from Cairo, and for days beforehand the great costumiers are up to their very eyes in work.

The Tailor-Made

At the Concours Hippique, as at Auteuil and at Longchamps, the *costume tailleur* is the approved, almost the only, wear, for in Paris smart people remain faithful to the tailor-made—the French tailor-made, not the English—for all race meetings. At the Concours Hippique the season's fashions are made or unmade, and the great milliners and costumiers send their smartest assistants to read, mark, and learn the trend of fashion. The last time I attended the meeting I remember that the most beautiful *demi-mondaine* of the year appeared in a hat which was nothing but a huge white dove, poised on wonderfully dressed hair. The question of moral suitability or unsuitability is one which does not trouble the French mind. The mode caught on. In a week no self-respecting, well-dressed woman in Paris was without a white dove to place on her head; and, six months after, millinery doves even arrived as the latest thing in England.

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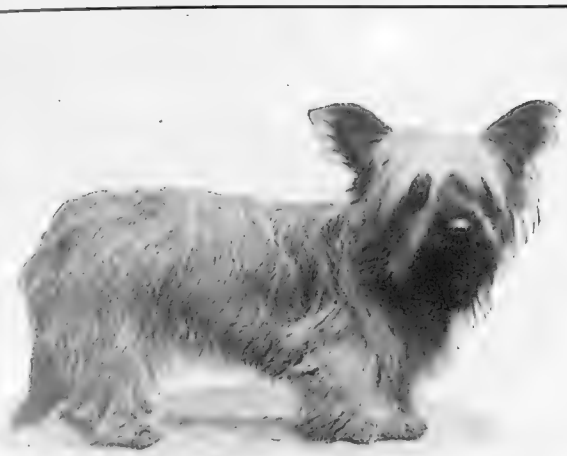
Motor Racing at Monte

Many people, anxious to get back to Paris for the Concours Hippique, or to Ireland for Punchestown, nevertheless remained on the Riviera last week in order to be present at the motor-boat racing at Monte Carlo. For a fortnight the lovely Bay of Monaco has been alive with racing craft, and English interest has, of course, been centred on Lord Howard de Walden's two Daimlers and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild's *Flying Fish* (lately the property of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu), which, however, had to retire owing to heavy seas carrying away her protecting hood. The

The Ladies' Kennel Association Show

SOME PRIZE EXHIBITS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

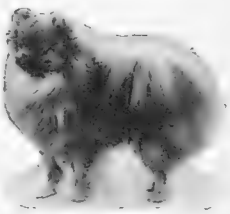


Diana of Greenways
Mrs. A. H. Binney's Skye-terrier, which won the first prize

Velma
Belonging to Mrs. Wood, which won a first prize in the Dachshund Class

The Best Sporting Dog in the Show
Mrs. Chapman's greyhound, Broadwater Banker

Japanese Chins
Romford Tama, first-prize Japanese Chin, and the winner of the Puppy Class



A Prize Pomeranian
Miss H. Hawley's Wolvey Mite, which was also reserve to the best non-sporting dog

TWO LITTLE FOREIGNERS FROM TIBET

The Lhasa Terrier, Tara

Jewel of Asia, a Tibet Spaniel

The Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, held at the Horticultural Hall last week, attracted a good entry of 343 dogs. The exhibits in the class for big dogs and terriers was somewhat poor, but other classes were well represented. One of the most interesting features of the Show was the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison's Lhasa terrier Tara, the champion foreign dog in the Show, and her Tibet spaniel Jewel of Asia

Ireland's Great Social Race Meeting

Lord and Lady Donoughmore

His lordship was Under-Secretary for War in the late Government. His wife is an American lady

Daimlers and *Flying Fish* run practically noiselessly, whereas the noise of the foreign boats is "like the independent firing of a regiment, which gradually becomes the ceaseless rattle of a line of Maxims."

* *

A Leader of Men

Lord Howard de Walden, whose three Daimler motor-boats are so well known on the Riviera, is one of the richest young men in England. His London estates alone—the Portland properties to which Mr. Druce lays claim, and which include Oxford Street, Portland Place, and the Marylebone Road—bring in over £200,000 a year, and he has other sources of income. He is, therefore, completely at liberty to indulge to the full his taste for all things sporting and speedy. As a motorist, both marine and land, he is a leader of men. His boats are at Monaco, and his powerful cars have been present at most of the big meetings both in England and on the Continent for several years past.

* * *

Dog and Aeroplane Shows

Every woman who had ever owned a dog turned up at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, for the annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association on Tuesday; and Cordingley's Motor-Car Show and Aero Club Display attracted a large crowd to the Agricultural Hall, where, on Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Cordingley held a reception to the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club and their friends. As is usual where women's dogs are in question, toy spaniels, at the Horticultural Hall, predominated, bulldogs and Skye-terriers following. The special prize for the best sporting dog in the Show was won by Mrs. Chapman's greyhound, Broadwater Bank; but sporting dogs were, on the whole, conspicuous by their absence. Pomeranians, Pekingese, Japanese, toy spaniels, and Brussels Griffons were, judging by the numbers benched, the most favoured species. Altogether, 343 dogs were exhibited, and the Ladies' Kennel Association have every reason to be satisfied with their Show.

Viscountess Massareene

One of the prettiest women in Irish Society

Photos *Graphic Photo Agency*

The Viceroy at Punchestown

Lord Aberdeen talking to Lady Clementine Waring (on the right), Lady Celia Coates (daughter of Lord Crewe), and the Hon. Grace Ridley

Peeps at People at Punchestown

Lady Powerscourt (left) and Lord Portarlington (centre)

Lady Limerick (left) Chatting with Friends
Her ladyship is one of the prettiest and most popular of Irishwomen

Punchestown

As I prophesied last week, Punchestown was blessed with "Queen's weather." Certainly, two nights of real Irish rain made the going, not to mention the standing, extremely difficult; but, as all at Punchestown, there were compensations. The inner man, the awful wetness of the lawns and paddock made the lavish fortification provided by the various regiments particularly welcome; and, as food for the eyes, the humid atmosphere and brilliant spring verdure made the view of the Wicklow Hills from the Grand Stand a sight to revel in. The country weather, too, was responsible for a great variety of toilettes. To Irish ladies—

> Sweet when the dawn is grey,
> Sweet when they've cleared away
> Lunch, and, at close of day,
> Possibly sweetest—

a little, or even a lot, of rain makes no matters. Those from Naas, therefore, where it had been raining hard all the morning, turned up in tailor-mades, much curtailed about the feet and severe about the neck, while the ladies from Dublin, including the Viceregal party, appeared in the newest and lightest of Spring gowns and smart racing coats.

* * *

The Viceregal Party

Lady Aberdeen's rheumatism was too bad to allow her on that damp race-course, but Lord Aberdeen brought his niece, the Hon. Grace Ridley. All the Viceregal and Headquarters Staff turned up to a man, for few of them, I fear, share His Excellency's disapproval of the Sport of Kings. In the Viceregal box were the twin daughters of the Earl of Crewe, Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes and Lady Celia Coates; Lord and Lady Grenfell, the latter in the

Photos

Discussing the Haldane Army?
Mr. St. John Brodrick (left) chatting with Lord Enniskilling and Gen. Lord Grenfell

Graphic Photo Agency

A Group of Well-known People
Lady Annesley in the centre of a group containing Sir Anthony Weldon, Col. the Hon. Chas. Crichton, Lord Grenfell, and Col. Swayne

A Countess Who Writes Plays

mouse-coloured velvet which also was patronised by the tall young Viscountess Massareene; Mr. and Mrs. St. John Brodrick, Colonel Swayne, Sir Anthony Weldon, Captain Waring, the new Liberal Member for Banffshire, and Lady Clementine Waring (in brown velvet), Lord Herschell, and Viscount Anson.

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Some Pretty Women

For the Kildare Hunt Cup, Lady Milbanke had entered her racer, Golden Shore, and another well-known sporting woman present, the Countess of Annesley, was, as usual, very much admired. She appeared one day in creamy white and beautiful ermine furs, the bunch of pink roses in her hat her only touch of colour, and the next in dark blue, her large French hat heavily laden with long feathers, and it was difficult to imagine her the mother of two tall school-girl daughters, even if her husband is nearing eighty. Another interesting figure was the newly married Countess of Portarlington. She wore pale blue, and looked delightful, and was chatting for some time to the very popular Viscountess Powerscourt. The Viceroy was walking with Lady Rachel Sanderson and her sister, Lady Annette la Touche; Lord Enniskillen, Mr. Brodrick, and Lord Grenfell more than once had their heads pretty close together (perhaps discussing that Haldane Army scheme!); Lord Donoughmore and his American wife (the daughter of Mr. Grace, of Battle Abbey) were together, his lordship fulfilling the sure promise of rotundity he gave in his 'Varsity days; Lady Limerick, of course, was in Irish frieze; and the Countess of Fingall, her small, piquant face, as usual, embedded in a feather boa and half hidden under a big hat, came over from Palmerstown with the Mayo's large party. Green, it seemed to me, was the prevailing colour; but then, as a much-complexioned Irish woman remarked, "What's the good of having an Irish complexion if you can't wear emerald green?" What, indeed?

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Countess as Dramatist

On April 30, at the Playhouse, in aid of the St. Vincent Homes for Destitute Children, the Countess of Cromartie makes her *début* as a dramatist, with a one act-play entitled *The Finding of the Sword*. Lady Cromartie has for some time been known as a clever writer of poems and articles. She is married to Major Blunt-Mackenzie, is a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland, and is one of the greatest landowners of the North, her Ross-shire estate including the ground on which the rising Strathpeffer is built. She is dark and rather small, and with a leaning towards the cult of the occult, her literary pursuits, her estates, her many friends, and her little son, Lord Tarbat, keep her ladyship busy.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Lady Cromartie

A Society amateur author and dramatist. Her play, *The Finding of the Sword*, is to be produced at the Playhouse on the 30th, in aid of the St. Vincent Homes for Destitute Children

Photo *Whitlock*

Lord Brooke

Son of Lord Warwick, just appointed A.D.C. to Gen. Sir John French

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The Son of a Democrat

Lord Brooke's appointment as unpaid aide de-camp to General Sir John French for the forthcoming training season seems to have been the cause of some heartburning in Army circles. His experience, say Service men, hardly warrants the appointment, a short period in the Life Guards and the work of newspaper correspondent for a London paper during the war in the Far East comprising the sum of such experience. He is, however, a really charming and most promising boy, say his many friends. His mother, Lady Warwick, with whom, by the way, I saw him quite confidentially lunching the other day at the Ritz (queer place for a Socialist), brought him up, of course, in a strictly democratic way.

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Unlucky Dalham

Captain Ernest Rhodes is the fifth to die of the nine children of the Vicar of Bishop's Stortford. Dalham Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, where Captain Rhodes died, has the reputation of being an unlucky house, and one that has always brought misfortune to its owners. Mr. Cecil Rhodes purchased it a year before he died. He left it to his brother, Colonel Frank Rhodes, who died in 1905, and then to Captain Ernest Rhodes, now dead. The ill-luck of the house is attributed to the fact that it is built on the site of a famous monastery which was looted and plundered at the time of the Reformation. Certainly, misfortune dogged the footsteps of its former owners, the Afflecks, from whom Mr. Cecil Rhodes purchased the mansion.

"A Typical Buckinghamshire Squire"

Sir Edmund Verney on the Land Question

In a recent letter to the *Daily News*, Sir Edmund Verney gives a "concrete instance" of the way in which the present system of land insurance affects the landowner, and of how he is crippled at every turn whenever he attempts any step of any kind in dealing with his estate. Sir Edmund Verney is, perhaps, more than most men qualified to give vent to his opinions on the vexed question of land tenure. He is, as, in very kindly sending me his photograph, he himself declares, "a typical Buckinghamshire squire." He owns in Bucks and Anglesey some 9,000 acres of land. He is patron of four livings, and he has represented his county on two occasions in Parliament. Like his accomplished wife, a Liberal in politics, Sir Edmund is by profession a sailor, and entered the Navy over half a century ago. Though it was his father's wish that he should become a lawyer, the Verney estates being much encumbered, the boy insisted on going to sea.

Sir Edmund Verney (mounted on a donkey at Tangier)

He has lately been enlightening the Press on the subject of how the landowner is crippled by the law. Sir Edmund is a Liberal, and describes himself as a "typical Buckinghamshire Squire"

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"Unproductive Expenditure of £10,000"

is as the much-taxed owner of his entailed Clayton estates that Sir Edmund Verney now comes before us. During the last thirteen years, he declares that, notwithstanding an urgent necessity for the strictest economy, an unproductive expenditure of between nine and ten thousand pounds has been forced upon him as owner of the estates, chiefly in legal fees. His legal expenses of succession alone amounted to nearly £4,000; the transference, reduction, and renewal of mortgages nearly £4,000; charge to Lands Improvement Company something a little under £1,000; and so on, *ad infinitum*. No wonder his father wished to make him a lawyer. "HE KNEW!" as Sir Edmund now acknowledges. Short of universal compulsory registration, there would seem no way of remedying this "cumbrous and antiquated system of land tenure." And, as Sir Edmund remarks, it is difficult to see in the mind's eye Houses of Parliament, largely composed of lawyers, consenting to anything of this kind. Until they do, however, it is certain that, in order to be the solvent owner of an encumbered estate, one must also be a very rich man; otherwise shipwreck must sooner or later ensue, and debates and commissions on the system of land tenure can be nothing but academic, unpractical, and futile.

Photo *Jarman*

The Ill-starred Home of the Rhodes Family

Dalham Hall, Herts—the family seat of the Rhodes family—has the reputation of bringing ill-luck to those who occupy it. Of the nine sons of the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, Vicar of Bishop's Stortford, five have died (including the illustrious Cecil, Colonel Rhodes, and Captain Rhodes). Whether, however, a family can be called "unlucky" which has such distinguished members is open to doubt

Our Homogeneous Empire

"Free Trade Within the Empire!"

It rejoices me to find that THE BYSTANDER is not the only politically independent journal to demand the consideration of the Colonial Preference question on business, as distinct from party and doctrinaire, lines. My much-esteemed contemporary, *Truth*, so far throws off the yoke of Cobdenism as to suggest that—

> If they (the Colonies) let in all our manufactured goods free of duty—or, in other words, Free Trade within the Empire were the equivalent—the bargain would be worth considering.

"Free Trade within the Empire" seems, in fact, to be the half-way house in which a very large number of erstwhile Free Traders are likely to take refuge. The hostel is attractive, for one reason, because, by retaining the words "Free Trade," it keeps with it a smack of reminiscence of the old Cobdenite home; for another, because it has an air of business about it. A free market, twelve million square miles in extent, and about 500 millions in population, for British manufactures, in exchange for a similarly free acceptance by the British Isles of Colonial produce, looks, on the face of it, suspiciously like a bargain for Britain, and an extraordinarily good one, the only disadvantage being that we should be compelled to tax the poor dear foreigner! It has the additional recommendation of having been advocated by Mr. Chamberlain himself in his "Zollverein" days—by which it was proposed to federate the British Empire by means of a Customs union.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Countess Grey

Wife of the Canadian Governor-General, who arrived in Britain on Saturday by the same vessel as Sir Wilfrid Laurier

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Protection First—Then Preference?

Mr. Chamberlain's experience at the Colonial Office, however, altered his mind. He decided, then, that to ask the Colonies to forego the revenue they derive from taxing British as well as foreign goods was impossible. Thence came the differential idea, by which there should be two tariffs—one for the foreigner, and a lower one for Britain. But the question of reciprocity on our part was made difficult, inasmuch as we already, thanks to Cobdenite Free Trade, allowed Colonial produce free entry to our

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Our Homogeneous Empire: An Indian belle of Temagami, near Ontario, and her canoe

Weeds of Empire

WILL THE COLONIAL PREMIERS SUGGEST A REMEDY?

Photos] HUMAN DERELICTS ON THE EMBANKMENT [*Bulbeck*

To be seen any day, at any time, close to THE BYSTANDER Offices. An inspection by Colonial Premiers, in search of interesting object-lessons, is cordially invited

The Joseph of Modern Egypt

ports. You cannot lower a wall unless you have one to lower. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, suggested the building of the wall—the erection of general tariffs as a Prelude to Preference in the case of the Colonies. The opera, "Preference," was to be inaugurated by the overture "Protection." This, however, did not please the audience. Made up, as it was, by hackneyed and threadbare Early Victorian tunes, it prejudiced the house so much against the composer that his opera scarcely got a hearing.

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The Need for a New View

As I pointed out last week, Colonial Preference has to be considered anew, and distinct from either Protection or Free Trade. I neither advocate the retention of Free Imports, nor would I see a tariff wall round the United Kingdom which might be disastrous to its vast shipping and mercantile and exchange interests. Let us hear the individual proposal of each individual Colonial Premier, and let us adjust our tariff according to the exact value of the reciprocity offered. Canada's preference for the Mother Country, instituted in 1897, has resulted in the doubling of our export trade with that country, which in the preceding five years had been steadily declining. Canada has benefited us; how, in return, can we benefit Canada? It is not reasonable to expect that we shall indefinitely obtain Preference for no return. It is as to the nature of this return we are now called on to decide.

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No Propaganda!

The Tariff Reform League very naturally adheres to the written and spoken word of Mr. Chamberlain. It is entitled to use its propaganda for all it is worth to educate the electorate. The Government is not, however, called on to adopt anybody's propaganda, but merely to talk business, and I trust soon we shall have some authoritative announcement of its intention to do so, without fear either for the sulks of its followers or the satirical smiles of its opponents.

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Lord Cromer's Resignation

Lord Cromer's resignation removes a truly Cæsarean figure from the government of the Empire—if I may be so candid as to classify Egypt as belonging to it. We are disposed to accept "ill-health" as, this time, the true reason, and not political complications, for the branch of the Government with which Lord Cromer was directly connected was the Foreign Office, and I refuse to suspect that Sir Edward Grey would have allowed anything whatsoever to bring him into conflict with so truly great a public servant. Well may Lord Cromer be called the Joseph of Modern Egypt. Afflicted as that distressful country was when, as Sir Evelyn Baring, he was first appointed to control its finances, he secured not only order out of chaos, but health, wealth, and prosperity. Never need an Imperialist lack a word in defence of the principle of Empire when he can cite the career of such a man as Cromer, who, without any other aim in view than its welfare, has made Egypt safe, solvent, and whose last word was a promise to make it, also, self-governing. The Government has shown wisdom in appointing, without delay, Lord Cromer's successor, and a better choice could not have been made than Sir Eldon Gorst, who, trained in the Cromer school, is likely to continue the great work of his predecessor, undisturbed (I hope) by any below-the-gangway clamour that may arise in future years.

Photo Beresford — **The Earl of Cromer**

BRITISH RULE IN EGYPT
The retiring British Agent and his successor

Photo Elliott and Fry — **Sir Eldon Gorst**

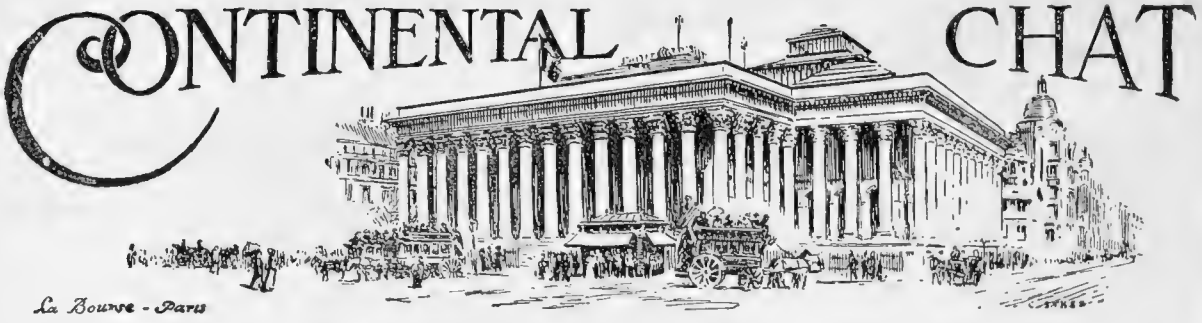
Rejected!

HE: "I'll never send to the beastly Academy again!"

SHE: "Never mind, darling; think how they will appreciate you—when you are dead"

BY DUDLEY HARDY

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Topic of the Week

The Montagnini papers are still the topic of the moment. On every side the Vatican is being discussed. France seems to care for little else. Both home and foreign politics are set aside, the situation in Morocco, the eternal German menace, and even the elaborate preparations for the 1st of May strike are all pushed aside, so that undivided attention may be given to these documents. Not since the Dreyfus trial has there been so much discussion. We have been kept waiting an unconscionable time to hear the contents of this voluminous correspondence of 1,360 documents, and so far they are *banal* to a degree. How the French Government can have lowered itself in the eyes of the world to publish these effusions is beyond conception, and their action has been criticised most unfavourably by the foreign Press. One can understand the French Government having this unofficial Nuncio conducted to the frontier, but his papers should have been sent with him. Diplomatic archives are inviolable. When Governments cease to respect this law, how are diplomatic relations possible? Supposing the gentlemen responsible for the government of France had read these documents and then returned them, their conduct would have been bad enough, but to hand them over to the Press is odious.

Mgr. Montagnini

Whose purloined papers have been quoted by the French Press, with such damaging results to various persons implicated

A Prying Papal Nuncio

The duties of Mgr. Montagnini were to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and then to inform the Vatican of all that was going on. He owed his post, it is said, to Cardinal Merry del Val, cardinal *par excellence*, intelligence incarnate. According to those who knew him, Mgr. Montagnini "was rather good sport"; he mixed in the best society, was a good conversationalist, fond of a good cigar and a game of bridge. But, above all, he listened. Then, when he returned, often very late, from dinners and receptions, throwing himself into his comfortable easy chair, he would recall all the events of the day, his impressions, odds and ends of conversation, and arrange them in a way he thought would call forth the approval of Rome. He seems very pleased with the cunning manner in which he extracted from loyal Catholics presents of cigars, whisky, champagne, and liqueurs for the Holy See; he declares that it was on account of his assistance to M. Doumer, when candidate for the Presidency, that this gentleman presented the Pope and Cardinal Merry del Val with autographed copies of his book, "Mes Fils."

Aspersions on Various Persons

That M. Clémenceau is often short of money, and can "be bought for a good round sum," we are also informed; also that last summer, when staying at Carlsbad, he tried to persuade a Dominican monk to undertake a mission to Rome, in order to see if the Pope would not come to terms over the Separation. The nauseous part of the correspondence, for which the *Matin* is clamouring, consists of notes about the private lives of prelates applying for bishoprics—exaggerated, of course, and filled in with racy stories which most people would be ashamed to read. There are conversations with diplomats, and whole columns devoted to the Vatican's manœuvres to find a safe seat for one of the Catholic Party, "good M. Piou." But who does not know that, so long as there has been a Republic, the Holy See has always taken the keenest interest in electoral campaigns? Who can blame them for doing their best for their own cause?

A Compromised Ambassador

Much to the indignation of the British colony in Paris, the most compromising of these documents is a conversation Mgr. Montagnini is alleged to have had with our Ambassador in Paris, Sir Francis Bertie. Whether the contents of this letter are true or not is doubtful, Sir Francis having neither confirmed nor denied his statements.

Sir Francis Bertie, however, is by no means as popular in Paris as he might be. Had he made himself less hostile to the French and foreign Press here, the *Figaro* would probably have been more disposed to consider him when publishing the Montagnini papers. Other diplomats have been implicated; the Dutch Minister has even to apologise to the Foreign Office for calling the French Government a collection of *muffles*, but this is *sub rosa*, though the alleged indiscretion of Sir F. Bertie has called forth a storm of indignation. Of cold and ungenial disposition, Sir Francis was probably as surprised as

anybody on learning of his own appointment to Paris. That he should have given himself away to this unofficial Nuncio is beyond comprehension, seeing that he never makes a speech in public; some say, because he cannot, and others because he will not. At any rate, it seems to have been injudicious on his part to invite Mgr. Montagnini to his first reception, and then to take the earliest opportunity of calling on him, especially when he knew the attitude his country's ally was adopting towards Rome. If Sir Francis Bertie admires the Republic, as this letter suggests, he has a very peculiar method of showing it. He has the reputation of detesting Republicans, and taking every opportunity of showing them so. At a recent Chamber of Commerce dinner he hardly exchanged a sentence with his neighbour. Though this was attributed to social "reserve," the real reason was more likely the fear of giving himself away on politics.

Photo *Hoffmann*

Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris

Leaving the Protestant Church in the Rue d'Aguessan. Sir Francis has been awkwardly implicated in the Montagnini "revelations"

Lady Bertie and the Parisians

Lady Bertie, too, although brought up in diplomatic circles, does not seem to understand the importance of her position. The few receptions she does give, she describes to her friends as *corvées*, and such remarks are always repeated. In tact and grace she is completely lacking. As a rule, she is generally dressed anything but smartly — even when the King is in Paris. At one of her receptions she incurred the wrath of some of the retired diplomats in Paris by not having her guests announced, conduct for which, by the way, the last American Ambassador was recalled. The accomplishment that finds most favour in Lady Bertie's eyes is skill at bridge.

A Jocular Diplomat

Sir Francis Bertie's conversation consists of anecdotes and jokes, and this does not appeal to the better class of Frenchman. He is neither distinguished nor important enough to occupy his present post in Paris, and were the Republic not certain, on account of the repeated visits of King Edward, of Britain's attitude towards her, such a tactless diplomat might seriously injure the interests of the *entente cordiale*. It is said that rumours of dissatisfaction have reached the King's ears, and, as the efficiency of his representatives abroad is a special concern of His Majesty, he is far from pleased. Was this the reason of Sir Francis Bertie's illness during the King's last two visits?

* * *

William II., Commercial Traveller

The Kaiser's latest rôle is that of commercial traveller, and in this line he succeeds as well as in everything else. From all accounts, he is intensely interested in the sale of Majolica porcelain, and, according to his orders, his own factory has been erected on the Carliver estate, left to him by a friend. Like a true commercial man, Kaiser Wilhelm pushes his own wares, and who would care to refuse a request made by this Imperial monarch. His subjects are extremely shocked at his latest rôle, but they say nothing. I can see those dear old Prussian grafs, possessors of titles as old as Prussia itself, nodding their bald heads and wondering "what on earth their dear ruler has got up his coat-sleeve." But William is not the only monarch who takes an interest in commerce. Everyone has heard of M. Fallières and his Loupillon wine! But I forget—it is so difficult to remember M. Fallières is not a Royal Highness, for he is surrounded by far more ceremony than if he were. You may hear of the Kings of England, Belgium, or Austria travelling incognito, but if M. Fallières goes as far as Marseilles, he must have a Squadron there to protect him. The manner in which the Loupillon wine is "pushed" has often been criticised. Since his advancement to the Presidency, there is not enough wine to supply everybody. So I am told M. Fallières buys elsewhere and baptises the substance "Loupillon." I have tasted both wines, and I believe the story. Fallières wine, says rumour, has a place on nearly every European monarch's table. Wilhelm pottery will soon find its place in their drawing-rooms; but what does that matter? Like the most of us, monarchs need money, and so long as to obtain it they do not descend to the atrocities to which Leopold II. has descended, we need not grumble.

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An International Theatre

An International theatre is to be built in Paris in the place of the old *Cirque d'Été*, under the auspices of a committee composed of French and foreign notabilities. The Princess of Brancovan, Princess Amédée de Broglie, Countess Greffuhle, Mme. Bischoffsheim, Madeleine Lemaire, Baronne de Rothschild, and Princess Murat are the principal members of the French committee. Amongst the Americans are Mmes. William Vanderbilt, Astor, Ogden, Goelet, and Pierpont Morgan. Lady de Grey and Sir Ernest Cassel are representing England; Princess Metternich, Austria; the Infanta Eulalia, Spain; the Grand Duchess Vladimir, Russia; and Baronne Lambert de Rothschild, Belgium. Germany, Italy, and Portugal will also be represented, for all nations wish to contribute to the success of the Palace of Arts.

Is Queen Victoria Unpopular?

A lady of the Spanish Court has just been telling me how surprised she is to hear rumours coming from England about Queen Victoria's unpopularity in Spain. These, she says, are absolutely unfounded. When Princess Ena's engagement was announced, there was some question as to whether a Battenberg was of high enough rank to marry a King of Spain, and the Queen-Mother naturally wished for an Austrian daughter-in-law. These prejudices, however, soon vanished before the grace and charm of the young Princess. Every Spaniard admires her plump figure and fair colouring, and, adds my informant, "if we had been consulted as to whom we should like as a Queen, we should have chosen her on account of her beauty." Never would she have been admired in England as she is in Spain.

That Queen Victoria is trying to impose herself and English customs is not correct; she could not even if she tried, for in her Court, Court laws and customs have been firmly established for centuries. One or two details have been changed, of course, but not without a great deal of difficulty. The Queen said she would like a good substantial breakfast, and the King has seen that her wish has been gratified. She does not wish to retire to rest before 10 in winter, although 8.30 is the recognised time, and M. de Croze declares, in one of his publications, that even if the Queen has not finished her supper, her maids will begin undressing her at the appointed time.

H.M. The Queen of Spain

(From a Pencil Drawing by the Duchess of Rutland, 1906)

Life at the Palace

The position of an English Queen in Spain is by no means easy, especially when one is not over-dowered with tact and is the happy possessor of a mother-in-law. Yet Queen Victoria has not managed badly so far, and she certainly does her best. She makes courteous little speeches in Spanish, although she is not yet able to speak the language fluently. Every day she works at her Spanish, reads the newspapers, and has a Spanish lesson. She is not too enthusiastic over bull-fights, but she is often present at them, seeing that her husband is so passionately fond of this and all sports. Life at the Palace is simple enough. In the afternoon the Queen generally drives, but recently she has been visiting, according to the custom, the different churches in Madrid, and some of the services have been most trying ordeals for her.

Ceremonials After the Birth

The pompous ceremonies which take place after the birth of the heir to the throne are, of course, innumerable. For months, many persons have been employed preparing the Royal *layette*, which has been supplied chiefly by twenty-nine different convents. At the Convent of the Sacred Heart alone twenty dozen vests have been made, for the most part of fine cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. The pelisses are trimmed with the Brussels lace that adorned the robes of Alfonso XIII., and which has been in the family for many generations. Directly after birth, the Prince of the Asturias, or the Infanta, is placed on a red velvet cushion on a golden platter, covered only by handsome lace, and thus presented by the Mistress of the Robes to the awaiting assembly. The infant is passed to the Prime Minister, who carries him round, showing him to the Cabinet, the diplomatic body, headed by the Papal Nuncio, and all the grandees of Spain. Then the child is restored to its mother, and laid in its father's cot. As soon as possible after its birth, the presentation to the Virgin Mary takes place, and the child is baptised, if possible, three days after.

An Unconventional Royal Mother

Queen Victoria's desire to nurse her own child has caused so much disapproval that, probably, she will conform with the traditions and employ an Asturian nurse, for it is on the buxom matrons of this province that this privilege falls. Probably the English nurse who is now at the Palace will be sent back. Etiquette in Spain continues even during the night. From sunset to dawn three *monteros*, attired in quaint costumes, pace up and down the room adjoining the Royal chambers, to which no one is allowed to approach. Only *Espinosans* can have the honour of becoming members of this most exclusive corps.

Madrid Society

Society in Madrid resembles Society anywhere else, except that it is much more exclusive. The very old families in Spain are very much opposed to the idea of having dinner in the evening, it being the old custom to dine at two and sup at eight. Spaniards are passionately fond of music, which, with Spanish whist, forms the chief attractions at evening parties. The Infanta Isabella is particularly renowned for her musical receptions. Balls are not very often given, nor is the theatre very much patronised, possibly because the Queen-Mother has not set the example by attending it much. Most Spanish ladies are fond of bull-fights, and it is a well-known fact that if you are not a noble in Spain the best way to command admiration is to become a matador.

SHALL WE RECIPROCATE?

Scenes in Some of the Chief Centres of Colonial Wealth and Work

In the following pictures a pictorial idea is given of the cosmopolitanism of the Empire, its industrial versatility, and the social and commercial importance of the capitals of the daughter communities, who are, through the mouths of their responsible Premiers, now seeking to trade on advantageous terms with the Mother Country

"England's future lies in her Colonies"

By courtesy of the Canadian Emigrants' Information Office

One of Canada's Illimitable Cornfields

The above photograph (of Robert Smith's Long Lake Farm) gives an idea of the immensity of the wheat-fields of Canada, which export to Great Britain produce to the value of nearly five millions annually. Not only does Canada aspire to supply the British Isles with its food, but she is also exporting enormous quantities to the United States

City Life in Australia

SYDNEY—BRISBANE—MELBOURNE

By courtesy of Agent-General for New South Wales

The Busy Side of Sydney: Rush of 'ramcars along George Street

Though Sydney is a more leisurely and genial city than Melbourne, when it is busy, it vies with all the capitals of the world in the haste with which it goes to business. Note the string of tramcars, which move along at dangerous pace. Population of Sydney (1906): 529,600

By courtesy of Agent-General for Queensland

Queensland's Capital: Brisbane

(Population, 121,000.) Queensland has a vast sugar industry, wheat, mines of all kinds, timber, and coal

Photo *Wilson*

In the Queen City of Australia: Collins Street, Melbourne

The "Golden City" of the great mining days, Melbourne is to-day the social capital of Australia—the home of culture—the seat of the Commonwealth Government. Its population approaches a million. Victoria's industries are gold, wool, wheat, butter, and coal

To Clothe the Motherland

AUSTRALIA'S STAPLE EXPORT—WOOL: IN TWO STAGES

By courtesy of Agent-General for New South Wales

Photos *H. F. de Little*

Where It Comes From: Three scenes on an Australian wool farm

The chief and most general staple produce of Australia is wool—for which the country is peculiarly adapted. Over all the highlands and the riverlands and the sea border sheep (as our first photograph suggests) thrive remarkably. The wool is, therefore, of the highest quality, and reaches the best prices

En Route for the Motherland: Bales of wool awaiting shipment in the sheds of Sydney Harbour

During the year 1906, Australia sent to this country £11,500,000 worth of wool. It is noteworthy that though Britain obtains most of its other clothing product, cotton, from foreign countries, four-fifths of the wool imported comes from British possessions, in which respect Australia is first, there being nearly forty million sheep in New South Wales alone

Activities "Down Under"

SCENES TO THE WEST, EAST, AND SOUTH OF AUSTRALASIA

By courtesy of Agent-General for Western Australia

Social Westralia: A race meeting at Perth

The West Australian capital is rapidly rising, has a population of nearly 100,000, and large exports of gold, wool, pearl, timber, and coal. Westralia has magnificent forests, a luxuriant soil, and 100,000 square miles of "rain-fed land awaiting the plough"

Taking Coals from the other Newcastle

The busy wharfs of Newcastle, the coal port of New South Wales, which has a colliery area of 24,000 acres—twice that of the United Kingdom. Australia's coal production was, when last estimated (1904), 7,250,000 metric tons

By courtesy of Agent-General for Tasmania

A Tasmanian Pastoral

Cornfields, river, and mountains at New Norfolk. Tasmania bids fair to be known as the orchard of the Empire, as fruit-growing is the chief ambition of her agriculturists

A Trio of New Zealand Towns

Auckland: The Queen's Wharf

Auckland is the largest town in New Zealand, with a population of about 90,000

Christchurch: Looking North. Population, 70,000

By courtesy of the Agent-General for New Zealand

General View of Wellington: Official capital of New Zealand. Population, about 70,000

New Zealand, in view of its beautiful climate and its great fertility, is considered to have as bright a future as any Colony of the Empire. Already its exports to the United Kingdom are valued at £15,600,000—wool and frozen meat being the chief commodities exported. New Zealand has, from the first, been one of the foremost in demanding preferential terms, and has the most democratic of all the Colonial Governments

(*Continued on page 134*)

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN

(IN TW

SCENE THE ELEVENTH

The Gilded Youth finds up-to-date employment as drive
has the questionable pleasure of being hailed at the Sa
and horrified parents

E'S PROGRESS

NES)

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

taxi-cab, and
his surprised

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

Canada's City Life

By courtesy of the Canadian-Pacific Railway Company

General view of Montreal, the largest and most populous city of Canada, with a population about equal to that of Birmingham

Photo] **Toronto at Play** *[Topical Agency*

An open skating rink in the Ontario capital—which is the second city of Canada. Population, over a quarter of a million

By courtesy of the Canadian-Pacific Railway Company

Quebec, from the St. Lawrence: The most important military position in Canada. Population, 70,000

Canada is taking a prominent position in the Colonial Conference, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier, has long been an advocate of a preferential trade with this country, a belief which he reiterated shortly before leaving for the Conference. Though Canada's export of corn, at present, amounts to £5,000,000 annually, the value of her dairy produce is fast exceeding that figure, for last year she sent this country £5,600,000 of cheese, £3,100,000 of bacon, and £980,000 of butter

Four Notable Colonial Centres

By courtesy of the Canadian-Pacific Railway Company

St. John, New Brunswick: The chief town of New Brunswick. Population, 40,711
New Brunswick's industries are, chiefly, cereals, fruits, coal, and fisheries

A Street in St. John's, Newfoundland
Newfoundland, owing to the imminent shortening of the Atlantic steamship route, *viâ* Blacksod Bay, on the West Coast of Ireland, will, in a few years time, enormously increase in importance. At present, its industries are chiefly fisheries, copper ore, and wood-pulp

The Empire's Newest Capital: The new Agency Buildings, Bulawayo
Within the last ten years, the capital of Rhodesia has been converted from a native "kraal" into a flourishing city, with fine modern buildings and up-to-date improvements

The Market-place, Johannesburg, Transvaal
Johannesburg, the largest city in South Africa, has a population of a quarter of a million, and is a town of enormous wealth, the centre of the gold-mining industry. The above view of the Market-place indicates the crowded character of the city

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 71

LADY ANNABEL'S RENUNCIATION

By C. EDWARDES

LADY ANNABEL had at last made the great renunciation. She lay back in her sables—and Captain Marlow's right arm—and rejoiced in her courage. It was a night of brilliant stars, about three-quarters of a moon, and no wind; and they were on a main road untroubled by traffic. The clock in the church steeple of the last village through which they had whizzed for the entertainment of a single constable had struck two. Since then two or three miles of trees in an avenue silhouetted against the spangled sky, and a stronger determination than ever on Lady Annabel's part to see the bright best of things.

She had given up for love all which, during nine years, had made her life majestic. Even her car would return when it had taken her across two more counties, and then Captain Bob Marlow's old grange in a corner of Shropshire was to be Lady Annabel's new home, with true love at last for her life's refuge and strength.

"Tell me you're not sorry, little lady," said Captain Marlow, drawing her to him, furs and all.

"Sorry, Bob! What in the world have I to be sorry about? Peter knows quite well that it could not go on for ever. I'm sorry for him, in a way; but I ought never to have married him. I have never been happy with him, never. Poor old boy! He's as distressed about it as me. But what's the use of worrying?"

"No use at all," answered Captain Bob, cheerily. "We're two little birds free of the world's rotten cages, conventions, and things; two wise little birds, Bell, and just wait and see how I'll make it all up to you."

She shivered slightly in his arm.

"I hope so, Bob dear, indeed!" she whispered. "It's sweet, like this. If we could just run on for ever and ever and ever, seeing nobody except just each other and the moon and—and Gordon's back——"

He stopped her foolish mouth with a kiss.

"Little dunce!" he murmured. "It's your husband's car for one thing, and Gordon's back would pall pretty soon. Besides, we must eat and drink and be merry."

She was in his arms again—both arms this time—and he made it up to her a little already.

"Oh Bob, Bob, love me, love me! Make it up to me, or I shall suffocate."

"Foolish, small, frightened kitten!" he babbled, with his lips close to her cheek. "Anyone would think you were the first woman to throw off her chains. Why didn't we meet ten years ago? Then Belle, you must have been angelic at twenty. You are still, you know, but——"

She sighed and interrupted him.

"You are very, very awful to me, Bob," she said, rather pettishly. "But I believe you are right. I believe I *was* angelic at twenty."

"How everyone must have worshipped you," he continued, blindly indiscreet.

"N—o! not everyone. But there was one man who truly did worship me. He was an artist. He painted me as the Virgin Mary, Bob. Not for the Academy or anything public, but for his own pleasure. Mamma let him do it because she believed he was to inherit a very large estate somewhere, but—I don't know the particulars—she found out that she was misinformed. And he——"

"What did he do? Shoot himself, poor wretch?"

"Oh, no! He was much too religious for that. He was just inconceivably good, for a young man. I think he left London after mamma's letter, and—as mamma said—that chapter ended."

"Chapter?" he suggested, half in a joke. "Was it a chapter that interested you as well as him?"

"Y—es, Bob. At twenty I was the kind of girl who loved goodness more than anything else; and he wasn't good only——"

"You loved him, in fact?"

"How could I help it? I revere his memory still, when I think of it. But I must never even think of him any more now."

She bent her head. He also stooped, to light a cigarette.

The vision of the young artist to whom she had been an inspiration ten years ago, and of whom she ought never more to think, was for the time dazzling even in the midst of the moonshine. Many of his words came back to her. He had told her that she was meant to be good—that there would be nothing but goodness in the soul of which her eyes were the windows. Did she not realise it? And she remembered particularly—with a strange numbness—his telling her that it was just because Christ's mother was so perfectly good that she so young-looking, even when her Son was crucified. The old legends in the matter were true, he had declared. And she, Annabel, would be like that. At fifty, she would still be like the Madonna of his canvas, if she did but trust, always, the pure soul which animated her. And, of course, she would have that confidence in her better nature. He had only to look in her eyes to know it.

"Another couple of hours, little lady, and they'll be ready for us!" said Captain Marlow, as they swept through Rugby; and having said it, he puffed smoke into the night.

She seemed to sink in her furs, sink and sink.

The Captain asked her if she felt tired.

"Yes," she whispered, "I think I do—very."

"Then go to sleep. Go to sleep, Belle, and when you wake you'll be near the Paradise we've so often longed for."

She turned her face to him. "Yes," she said, and closed her eyes again. Captain Marlow's smile, even in the starlight, did not give her the kind of comfort she craved in this hour. It was a triumphant and reckless smile, not the smile of a man to whom she could make complete surrender of body and soul.

Captain Marlow lit another cigarette.

But Lady Annabel was now quite unconscious of him and her environment. She could see Ronald Petherick's picture of herself so plainly. She was in a blue garment—he had called it a Murillo-blue—and was sitting with clasped hands looking straight before her. He was glad her eyes were grey rather than blue. It was sunset, and she was sitting among asphodels, scarlet poppies, and small yellow flowers with dark centres. Behind her the sky was crimson

(Continued on page 138)

(All rights strictly reserved)

The Fair Wayfarer

Youth and Crabbéd Age: A fair young Canadian cousin exercises her camera at the expense of an "oldest inhabitant"

(Continued from page 136)

and gold. He had wished to put a halo round her head, but had yielded to her dissuasion. She had deemed the halo just a little too much. Even though the picture was not for public display, she would not like to think of herself sanctified, without cause, for any eyes, except perhaps his own. They had argued about it, and he had given way. He had said her eyes were enough, without any such direct token of superhumanity. They had argued about that also; she wished he would not say such absurd things of her, as if she were not made like other girls—no better and no worse. It would be most uncomfortable to her to believe that more was expected of her than of other girls. "More *is* expected of you, dear!" he had said to that, and he had taken her hand and explained that she had shown faith and courage in loving him, which set her apart from other girls. She didn't know quite what he meant. It was then that he had darted from her, and altogether changed the expression on her canvas face. "Don't speak a word!" he had whispered, excitedly, and for many minutes he worked at the new expression. "There!" he had said, at last. "What do you think of it?" "Wistful" was the word they both agreed might certainly now be ascribed to the canvas face. "Wistfulness, youth, goodness, and beauty combined," said he. At least, these were his aim, and he was almost satisfied with the issue. She shook her head at the goodness and beauty, but was content to gratify him so easily. And then she had suddenly made the supreme discovery.

"Ronald," she had said, "you talk so much about *my* being good. But it is all due to *you*. I'm only what you make me."

This was their last meeting in the secrecy of the sittings. Annabel's mother found out those things about Ronald's family the next day, and hurried her daughter out of England. It had been a dreadful mistake. She forced Annabel to believe that it might be; and—and then Sir Peter appeared, and after many tears, and worse than tears, and more banishment, Annabel returned to London as Lady East, with command of all the fine things that money can buy, save only happiness.

Still, with closed eyes, Lady Annabel was wondering what Ronald would think of her now, if he lived, when she was startled by a shout from Gordon and an upheaving jerk.

And then she was in the air, the hedge, and the ditch below the hedge.

She lay still for a little while, expecting to feel pain. But there was no pain. Groans, but not hers.

Scrambling from the ditch, she saw that the car was overturned close to her. Gordon was pinned at the knees. Captain Marlow was not in sight. Across the road stood a clumsy wagon, laden with turnips, and a wagoner was running to the spot.

"I'd only left them a second!" wailed the wagoner, like one pleading for merciful judgment.

But it was no time for regrets. Throwing off her furs, Lady Annabel struggled to help the man to release Gordon. They managed this. He dragged himself from the trap, but could do no more for himself.

"I'm afraid my leg's broken, my lady," he lamented. "It's a mercy you—— Is Captain Marlow——?"

"We can't see him," said Lady Annabel, simply. "We must obtain help." She asked the man where this could be found, and he mentioned a certain great house half a mile down the road.

"Greerton Hall, ma'm! There's a lodge to it, with a man and his wife."

"I'll go," said Lady Annabel; and she ran.

She rang them out of their beds at the lodge and told her tale. Both the man and his wife listened, and it was the man who first noticed that Lady Annabel was herself also in need of help.

"See to her, missus," he said. "Make some hot tea. Maybe it's not so bad as you think, ma'm. It's a dangerous corner, and those market-folks want hanging, some of 'em."

"I—I'll come with you," said Lady Annabel. But she really was past that. She sat down upon a seat in the doorway just in time to keep herself from falling; and when she re-opened her eyes she was on a sofa in a formal little parlour, there was a strong smell of eau-de-Cologne, and by the light of the hanging-lamp she could see the lodge-woman tearing linen into strips at a table. There was a fire in the grate, and a kettle was singing softly.

"Yes?" she said, sitting up. "How are they?"

"You'm the best off, ma'm, by the looks of you," she said. "Him the other calls the 'Captain' 's stunned so as there's no saying what's happened to him, poor gentleman. But I'm to give you a cup o' tea as soon as ever you'm ready for it. And the kettle's boiling."

But, shaking her head, Lady Annabel said "No." She would see Gordon and "him the other called the Captain." Oh, yes, she was quite able.

The lodge-woman followed her. There were only ten stairs to climb. The Captain was in the room to the right, and thither Lady Annabel went first. He lay as if he were dead. While she gazed at him, Lady Annabel held her breath, conscious only of the plunging of her heart and the fear that she would faint again before she could afford to give way.

"It's what's called concussion of his head, ma'm!" whispered the woman.

"Hasn't he spoken?" asked Lady Annabel.

"Lor' bless you, no. How could he? It's a good thing he's no relation o' yours, poor gentleman."

And then Lady Annabel turned and was ready for Gordon.

"May I come in?" she asked at the open door.

There was a candle in Gordon's room. He lay in pain, longing for the doctor, but dissembled his feelings. He rejoiced again that she was all right. *Was* her life so precious, she asked herself, that everyone should be so glad that she had not suffered? —and he shook his head about the Captain.

And then, the pain notwithstanding, he gave Lady Annabel a look which—which stung her. She blushed. And Gordon saw the blush, though the candle was but a common dip.

"I hope, my lady, you will excuse me," he said very softly, "but, perhaps, it is what may be called a providential event. Providential for yourself, my lady, if I may say so."

"Thank you, Gordon," she whispered, in a voice as low as his own.

This said, she crept downstairs with burning cheeks, and, heedless of the good soul who had returned to her lint, fell upon the sofa and covered her face with her hands.

"Don't speak to me. I am well—horribly well!" she sobbed to the sympathetic cooing of the good creature. "Let me *alone*."

She was let alone. Alone with her thoughts and the quiet tearing of the linen, until this ceased and wheels were heard outside.

And then she rose and met the doctor and the lodge-man on the gravel of the little house. The dawn was breaking. Even while she spoke ten or twelve words to the doctor, she saw the rosy light in

(Continued on page 140)

A Forest of Ferns

By kind permission of the Agent-General for New South Wales

One of the Peculiar Beauties of Australian Scenery

Those in England who think of the fern only as a small garden adornment will be somewhat astonished, perhaps, to realise from the above photograph that "down under" our Australian cousins know it as a form of tree. The singular beauty of the above forest of ferns will speak for itself, and the figure of the man will give an adequate idea of the enormous size of the growth

(Continued from page 138

the distance. There was a straight drive of, perhaps, half a mile from the lodge, and a house at the end of the drive, with trees above and on both sides of it, and the crimson dawn was tenderly encompassing the house.

"I'll go in," said the doctor. "You, at any rate, have been fortunate. I am glad to——"

"It's more than *I* am, then," she exclaimed, on the spur of the moment.

Having said it, and crimsoned afresh, like the sky, she moved for the doctor to pass. Why did they all make so much of *her?* She looked at the honest-faced lodge-man and was nearly informing him that she wished she was dead. He yawned in time to check that futile self-humiliation, and then asked if there was anything more he could do for her.

"They won't be stirring at the Hall yet, my lady," he said; "but by seven o'clock——"

"Oh no, no, no!" she cried. "I cannot. I—that is, may I walk about a little? I shall be better after some exercise"

The lodge-man said no one could object to her ladyship's doing whatever she fancied in that respect.

"Whose place is it?" she asked, before stirring.

"Miss Markham's," said the lodge-man. "They are an ancient family, the Markhams; but old Miss Eleanor is the last of them. When she dies——"

But Lady Annabel had heard enough.

She walked up the long drive, facing the glow, and almost immediately it was as if the circumstances of the past night were sponged from her memory. The tuning birds, the cool freshness, the tender green of the springtime trees, and that glory of crimson and gold above and on both sides of the white house—they were all like the introduction of a new epoch in her life.

She walked on until she came to a kind of bay in the avenue on the right, and a prim little Early Georgian church with a pinnacled tower, the whole matted with ivy. As ugly a little church as could be seen, save for its deep green mantle and the morning sunlight on the common glass of its small window-panes.

Lady Annabel crosssed the wet grass to the door of the church. She went as straight to it, the moment she saw it, as if it were her predestined bourne. Her eyes had brightened at the sight of it. She tried the door. It yielded, and, without wonder at this either, she pushed it and entered. It was as prim and ugly inside as out, with a gallery and an organ in the west, and perhaps thirty small pews on the pavement. But, with all this, there was something, something extraneous, which gave the ugly little building a splendour of its own.

Over the altar was a picture, and the sun shone through the white panes behind the picture. Its rays cast a halo of gold above the picture. Lady Annabel stopped dead by the font and stared at—herself.

Yes, there could be no doubt. It was Ronald's picture of her; asphodels, poppies, the Murillo-blue robe, the clasped hands, and—most memorable of all—the wistful eyes which—which——

Gazing at it, Lady Annabel broke into a sob, and, clasping her hands as in the picture, stepped nearer.

Had she ever been so lovely as that—so *good*-looking as well as beautiful?

She stood for an age—a soul's age; and then, almost without effort, she knelt. Not to pray, but to cry, and cry, and cry, without ceasing, until the sun had risen too high in the world to trouble about her, and the light in the little church was only cold and grey.

And then she stopped crying. It seemed to her that the wistfulness in the picture was not so marked, that there was a certain other quality which it comforted her to discover. The eyes were stronger, and yet tenderer, and while she gazed as if entranced, it seemed to her that something—someone—or a mere voice—assured her that whatever she had been she might still again be. Or was it merely the echo of an old poem?

She turned her head, and there, just behind her, on the right, stood Ronald himself.

Long afterwards, Lady Annabel could still wonder at her self-control at that astounding moment.

She rose simply, and said, "Ah! it is you, at last!" She offered him her hand, and he took it between both his.

He was very little changed, and in his morning tweeds looked just as she would have had him look. His smile, too, was all friendliness, everything that she would have wished it to be.

His whispered words, "What extraordinary luck!" were quite calm, absurdly so in the circumstances.

And then both of them, he still holding her hand, glanced at the altar picture.

"What brings you here, Lady East? And why were you crying?" he asked, and he dropped her hand.

It all came back to her in that moment: the pale horror of the moonlit night and the interrupting tragedy. She moved into one of the little pews and struggled for breath; glanced up at him and shivered, with new tears in her eyes.

"What *is* it?" he urged. "You knew, I suppose, that I lived with my aunt here, and that the picture was at Greerton; but—why does it distress you so much?"

"I knew nothing at all about it," she cried. "Nothing. I suppose it is what you call the—the hand of God."

"Hand of God! Lady East, what do you mean?"

He was a miracle of tranquility.

In spite of her tears and the sea of bitterness within her, she could yet answer him playfully.

"Ronald," she said, "you used to be so very good. Aren't you good still? Don't you believe in the hand of God, and that sort of thing?"

He sat down in the pew in front of hers, and leaned his arm on the partition.

"Yes, I hope so," he replied. "Don't you?"

But that was the climax. Lady Annabel broke down. She bent her head into her hands and sobbed—sobbed and sobbed.

"Don't!" he whispered. "And tell me what I can do for you." And then, as she continued to sob, he thought to soothe her by explaining the presence of the picture. After the elder Miss Markham's death he had persuaded his surviving Aunt Eleanor to let the picture be hung in the church. He had lived at Greerton Hall ever since, and it was his custom to get up early and, as often as not, look into the church before his morning walk. They never locked the little church, night or day.

"Ronald," she said suddenly, uncovering her face, "am I like that now?" And she nodded at the picture.

"I think," he hesitated, "you could be if you wished."

"No," she said, "I am not." And then she knew what she would do. "Will you promise not to hate me utterly and utterly if I tell you what I have done?"

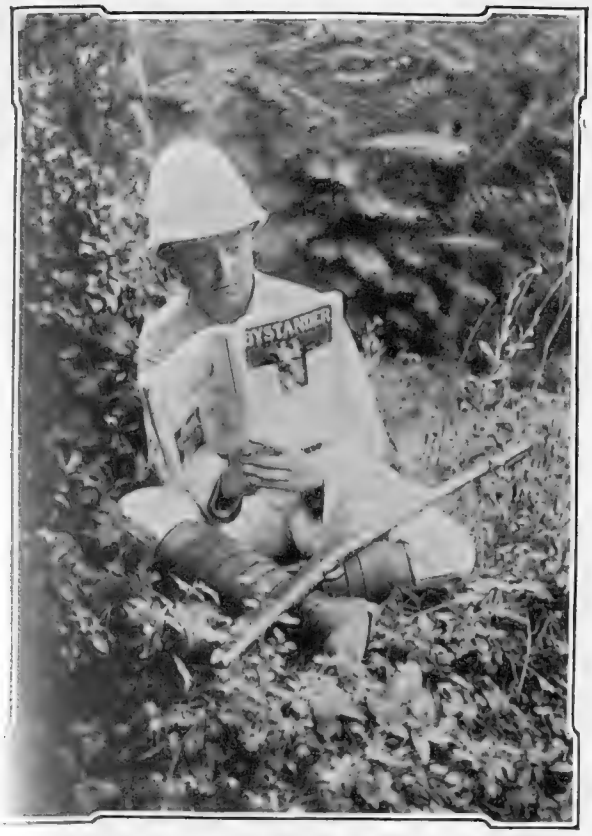
"Yes," he said, with a smile, "I promise that."

"I must shut my eyes to tell you," she said, wearily. "I could not look you in the face—you or anyone."

And then, with evident shame, she told him everything, from her first disgust with Sir Peter to her last view of Captain Bob Marlow in the lodge-keeper's bed.

(Continued on page 142)

Readers in Some Eastern Lands



Captured by Brigands!

Mr. Robert Abbott, here seen reading the paper, is the only son of Mr. Alfred Abbott, of Salonica, and it will be remembered he was the other day kidnapped by brigands in his own garden, next door to the British Consulate and opposite the Police Station, on his return from town at 10 p.m. Nothing has been heard of him since, and his ransom will probably be £20,000. Sent by MISS LILIAN TRUMAN, c/o A. Abbott, Esq., Salonica

"The Bystander" and the Sacred Elephant of Siam

Taken in a Buddhist temple in Bangkok, Siam. Sent by MR. ARTHUR HARSTON, F.S.I., 60, Cawley Road, Hackney, N.

This page has been omitted for the past few weeks, but, at the request of many readers, it has been decided to resume it. **10s. 6d.** *is paid for each photograph published*

A Bashful Officer

Having a quiet read, despite the unwelcome attentions of an amateur photographer, outside the Officers' Mess in the Kila Drosh Fort, Chitral, the most northerly post of our Indian Empire. Sent by LIEUT. E. M. LITTLE, R.A., Kila Drosh, Chitral

A Cosmopolitan Throng at a Sumatra Tiger Shoot

This photograph was taken while the tiger was still warm, the beast having been shot only about an hour before. A great many nationalities are represented in this picture. The man with the knife comes from the Cocos Islands, while there is also a Chinaman and his child, a Sikh from the Punjab, a Javanese, and two Tamils from India. All the Europeans come from Midlothian. Sent by MR. J. R. GRAY, Brahra..g, Bindjei, Sumatra, East Coast

(*Continued from page 140*)

"There!" she said, rising. "*Now* what do you think of me?"

He also rose.

"I'm glad," he said, "that Dr. Rice has them both in hand. What a mercy you escaped like that, Lady East."

She winced at the word.

"It would," she said, fiercely, "have been a greater mercy if I had been killed."

"A greater mercy for whom? Surely not for Sir Peter, nor yet for yourself? May I send a telegram to Sir Peter as soon as possible?"

"Send Sir Peter a telegram! Whatever for?" she cried.

"Why, of course, to tell him you are all right. Let me send it in your name."

"You suggest *that* after all—*this*?" she asked, frowning, and crimson and aghast.

"What else, dear Lady East? Don't you see what the hand of God has done for you? It has given you the chance to get right with him and yourself. You mustn't neglect it."

"And if I don't avail myself of the chance?"

"Oh, but you will."

"But if I don't, I say?" she persisted, with rising voice and defiant eyes.

"If you don't—— Ah! but you must. I tell you you must, and shall. But if you don't, much that is truly awful will happen, and I—we all here shall lose something beautiful and inspiring from our lives. Dear Lady East, if you don't (he produced a penknife), I shall at once cut that canvas out of its frame and burn it. I don't say that would break my heart, but it would scorch what is left of it, scorch it to a cinder. Say you will. Come!"

He held out his hand.

He turned when they were near the door of the church, and pointed at the picture of the Virgin in the Murillo-blue garment standing amid the poppies and asphodels.

"You have made that ten times more precious to me than before," he said. "Ten! Oh! a million times!"

C. EDWARDES.

A STREET CROWD IN MODERN JERUSALEM

Photo *Raad*

The Procession in Honour of the new Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem near the Jaffa Gate

A true index to the cosmopolitanism of the Holy City to-day can be obtained in the many styles of headgear to be noticed among the crowd. The fez, of course, predominates, but turbans, military peaked caps, soft felts, tweed caps, straw hats, and even one or two "toppers" can also be seen

By Field, Stream & Covert.

LAST WEEKS OF HUNTING

Where There is April Hunting

Fox-hunting is still going on in the Cattistock, Berkeley, Dartmoor, Lamerton, Lord Bathurst's, Tickham, West Somerset, and a few other countries, and the fashionable crowd in the New Forest, largely swelled by well-known Nimrods from the classic grasslands of the Midlands, are enjoying plenty of fun with both fox and deer. But with the majority of packs the end came a week ago, and the past few days have been mainly given up by hunting people to point-to-point races and presentations to outgoing Masters and hunt servants. Perhaps the most interesting of all the cross-country fixtures was the House of Commons' Steeplechase in the Warwickshire country, for many years have slipped away since our legislators in the Lower House last engaged in friendly rivalry between the flags. Lord Dalmeny, one of the best all-round sportsmen in either House—cricket, racing, motoring, hunting, and shooting all claiming him as an ardent adherent—won very comfortably on his good horse Petroleur, Lord Helmsley being second, and Mr. Walter Long third.

... 's in Fear of "Warning Off"

Something like a *mauvais quart d'heure* was experienced by the competing Parliamentarians just before the race, for it was discovered that somebody had forgotten to give the necessary notice to the National Hunt Committee, and a letter was received from Messrs. Weatherby notifying all riders and owners that they would render themselves liable to fine or suspension if they competed. It was rather a perplexing situation, and owners were unmercifully chaffed by their friends. "I should chance it," was the gratuitous advice offered to one shining light of the Conservative Party, "but don't blame me if you are warned off the Turf!" Brave enough to outward appearances, yet somewhat in fear and trembling withal, most of those who had entered boldly decided to race. Mr. Hall Walker would not take the risk, for he, prudent man, thought of his fine horses in training. He is not anxious to be debarred from running Polar Star, Black Arrow, Pom, and the rest, and so he decided to look on. Nobody, of course, really expected that the National Hunt Committee would take extreme measures, for their rules are not as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But there was just the chance of the worst happening. The general tendency was to treat the imbroglio as a joke, yet there was, I think, a feeling of relief when it was announced that the powers had decided to impose a fine, and whitewash all the delinquents.

Sport in the Past Season

Now that the season is practically over, notes are being compared, and the reports I have from all parts of the kingdom lead to the conclusion that sport has been above rather than below the average in most countries. This is a little surprising, seeing that during the season some rather lugubrious statements were made as to the poverty of sport. But that was during the hard weather, and much has happened since then to cause us to reconsider the verdict on the season. The huntsman of the Belvoir tells me that he cannot remember better sport with those famous hounds, Captain Frank Forester is well satisfied with the results of the season with the Quorn, and Mr. Evan Hanbury, who hands over the Cottesmore country to Lord Lonsdale, considers it above the average. Pytchley men have never been better pleased, while the followers of the Meynell have also had a good time on the whole. With the exception of a by-day, the meet of this pack was the last of the season.

A. W. C.

The West Kent Point-to-Point Races: "A Helping Hand"

The West Kent Point-to-Point Races were held over an excellent course at Price's Farm, Leigh. Lord Hardinge made a very popular win on Starlight in the Heavy-weight Steeplechase, and also secured the Open Hunters' Race with Carlow II.

RACING NOTIONS

NEWBURY AND NEWMARKET. By "CARBINE"

The Newbury Spring Cup

Two years ago people were asking whether there was room for another race meeting, and whether the promoters of the Newbury course were not courting disaster by adding to the already over-swollen fixture list. The answer has been the complete success of the new meeting. The directors went the right way to work by doing everything in the very best style, and, admirably assisted by the Great Western Railway, Newbury gained an instantaneous popularity that bids fair to be permanent. Certainly, the conditions under which we saw the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday were most delightful, and even if we were not all backers of Dalkeith we could not fail to appreciate the charm of racing amid such pleasant surroundings.

How Dalkeith Won

Dalkeith went down to the start in pottering style, and anyone doubtful about supporting him might easily have been put off by his unattractive trot. But, of course, that was nothing to go by, and the horse made a very different show when he came back. The finish was full of excitement. The field were stretched across the full width of the wide course, and at times it was difficult to tell from the stands which horse was in front. Succory led for a long time, but could not keep up the pressure on the sticky going. Dalkeith then drew out, but Larino came along after him with plenty of dash, and Nairobi, very wide of the others, finished with a rare rattle. For a second or two, the issue hung in the balance. Dalkeith looked to be collared, but Griggs had a bit in hand, and eventually won by the best part of a length. Prince William was never prominent, and Gold Riach ran much below expectations.

Photo *Speaight*

Lady Milbanke

Who ran her own horse, Golden Shore, for the Kildare Cup at Punchestown. Pretty and smart, she is very popular in Ireland

The Epsom Races

The winner is in the City and Suburban with a 10 lb. penalty, and at the new weights I do not think he will beat Larino. The failure of Prince William does not, of course, improve Dean Swift's chance at Epsom, yet it is not very damaging, seeing that the latter is a much more consistent performer than the Newbury failure, who seems to have gone all to pieces since last Doncaster, and did not carry the confidence of his stable on Saturday. A final selection for the City and Suburban will appear in next week's issue, but the Great Metropolitan Stakes must be dealt with now, and I may say at once that Dalkeith's success, showing that Farquharson's stable is in good form, gives me renewed confidence in **Nightfall,** who, I think, will win, and, probably, Mintagon will run into a place. Taken on the whole, the Newbury Meeting was bad for backers. The downfall of Crescent in the Marlborough Handicap and of Bellatrix in the Greenham Stakes were particularly disastrous on Friday. Donna Caterina, who won the last-mentioned race, is an extremely nice, improving sort of filly, and may possibly win the One Thousand Guineas for Lord Rosebery.

On Newmarket Heath

We hope to see a few of the candidates for the classic races at Newmarket this week. For example, the King's colt, Perambulator, who has been well spoken of for a long time, is entered for the Wood Ditton Stakes on Wednesday, and so is Major Loder's Baltinglass, who, it is whispered, may prove to be a better three-year-old than Galvani. My selection is **Bilton Park,** who was very smart last season. In the Column Produce Stakes we shall see some more good-class three-year-olds, and I anticipate the success of the best from Marsh's stable. The Babraham Plate is the most important handicap of the week, and I believe it to be a tolerably good thing for **Glasconbury.**

The Derby Favourite

At the time of writing, it is uncertain as to which of the best three-year-olds will be started for the Craven Stakes on Thursday, but we hope to see Slieve Gallion, the Derby favourite, and, in spite of the doubt that is felt as to his staying abilities, I consider him quite equal to beating Olympian and the rest. Of course, it may be deemed politic not to send the Beckhampton crack to Newmarket, and I know Captain Greer does not want to overwork his colt. But one of our most successful trainers remarked to me the other day, that a race in public gave him a better idea of his horses' capabilities than forty home gallops would do; and I can scarcely imagine that it would injure Slieve Gallion, or jeopardise his chance of classic success, to run him for the Craven Stakes. The week's racing concludes with the Derby Meeting, where, on Friday, I think that Darling will win the Doveridge Handicap, probably with **Fruitful.**

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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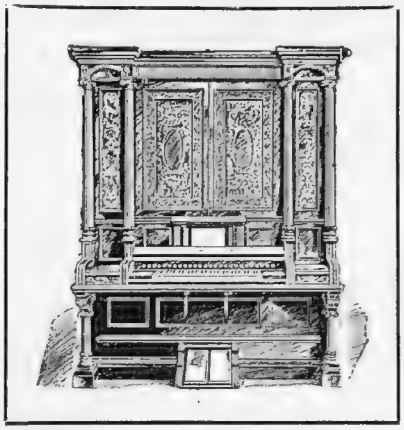

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Lawn-Tennis Prospects

If there is any significance at all attaching to the fact that all the reserved seats for the Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting at Wimbledon are already sold, this must mean that the vogue of lawn tennis during the coming summer is going to be greater than ever. Last year a great many people were astonished to find that these had all gone six weeks before the meeting commenced, and no doubt the rush this year is partly due to the fear of "getting left" a second time. But, undoubtedly, the fact that both Australasia and America have again challenged for the Davis Cup has also something to do with it. This year the programme of 1905 is to be reverted to : the Championships come first, the Davis Cup follows after; and, as our visitors are expected to arrive in time for both, there will be a double International contest.

Our Visitors

The American team will, apparently, be Beals C. Wright, Karl Behr, and Raymond D. Little. Wright has not yet got over the effects of his accident last summer, and may possibly confine himself to Double play, with Little for his partner; but too much significance must not be attached to his recent form on the Riviera, where he was obviously not taking his tennis very seriously. He may be all right again by June. Behr was second to W. J. Clothier (who ultimately beat Wright, the holder) in the U.S. Championships last year, and besides being a fine lawn-tennis player, is an all-round athlete. But he is a stranger to English courts—and English weather. Little was with us last year, and delighted everybody by the plucky fight he made both against H. L. Doherty in the Singles and with Holcombe Ward) against the two Dohertys in Doubles. Australasia will be represented by Norman Brookes and A. F. Wilding. Brookes, it will be remembered, was quite the catch of the season of 1905, and he is one of the very select few who can claim the honour of having beaten H. L. Doherty since he became champion, although, fortunately for England's prestige, this did not occur in either of the two big events, but in the "friendly" match between England and Australia after they were over. If he can reproduce anything like his 1905 form he is sure to be a big draw. Wilding was with us up to the very end of last season, and, after a winter visit to his native New Zealand, returned to Europe in time for the Riviera tournaments. He is already in full practice, and, since he is the youngest of all the

Photo] **The Old Rossallians v. Harvestehuder Hockey Match : A bully off** *[Jaap*

In the course of a very successful tour at Easter-time, the Old Rossallians won four matches against various teams at Hamburg. The above was the first match of the four, and was won by ten goals to nil

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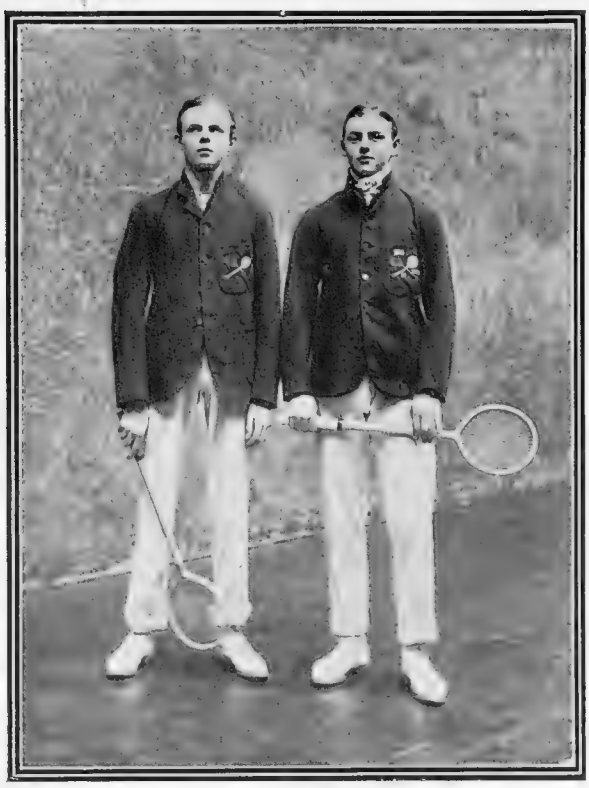


Public Schools' Racquets: Wellington, the winners

E. C. Harrison and H. Brougham, the Wellington pair, beat Malvern by 4 games to 1 at Queen's Club last Saturday. They are said to be the finest pair of players turned out by any public school for many years past

crack players, is probably capable of even better things than he has already done. It will be very interesting to see what sort of a pair he and Brookes will make in Doubles.

Ourselves

England's hope of stemming this tide of invasion depends more than ever upon the Dohertys, for Frank Riseley is still suffering from the neuritis to which he had to knock under last year directly the Championships were over; and it is unlikely that Smith will turn out—at any rate until later in the season—especially as his trusty partner is *hors de combat*. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that the rumour that H. L. Doherty means to retire is, at any rate, premature. The truth is, that he has not made up his mind. The latest information I have is that he is going to wait and see who is really coming over, and this I take to mean that if England has need of him in the Davis Cup he will play. Neither do I think that, if an American or an Australian wins the All-Comers' Singles, "H. L." will allow the challenge round to go by default without striking a blow for England. Moreover, there is this to be recollected, that if he wins the Championship this year he will equal William Renshaw's record sequence of wins (six), a thing which, when the sequence was once broken, everybody said would never happen again. Surely, this is in itself worth trying for? With regard to R. F. Doherty, everything, of course, depends upon his health. His play is all right, and, although he did not go abroad, like his brother, he has been playing pretty constantly and extremely well at Queen's lately. But it is still doubtful whether he would be wise in subjecting himself to the strain of a series of hard matches both in Singles and Doubles. Possibly, he will content himself with the rôle of partner to his brother in Doubles—if his brother plays. If he does not, then the abstention of one will probably mean the abstention of both, and, in that event, England will admittedly be fighting with her back to the wall.

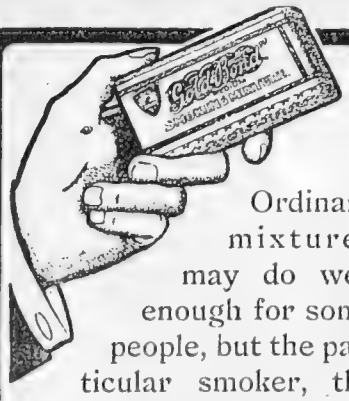
The Public Schools' Racquets

The success of the Wellington pair, H. Brougham and E. C. Harrison, in the Public Schools' Racquets Championship last week, was both popular and well-deserved. Their victory was gained with the loss of only one game (to Malvern in the final) in three rounds, and many good judges of the game were heard to say that they are the finest pair turned out by any public school for some years past. Foster, the youngest of the famous Worcestershire brethren, played well up to the family reputation for Malvern. Besides possessing a fine service, he is a clever tactician, and his only fault is a tendency to overdo the powerful hitting of which he is capable. His partner, F. L. Mann, backed him up well until the final, when he was palpably nervous and played below his previous form. Of this match it may be said at once that Harrison won it for Wellington by proving an ideal partner for his brilliant leader, taking the brunt of the donkey-work to himself and leaving the "sitters" for his partner to smother. Besides this, his service was excellent. There was not very much to choose between Brougham and Foster, except that the former killed the easy ones with more certainty, some of his backhand shots being particularly fine; but Foster also brought off some good kills, as well as some clever saves.

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Public Schools' Racquets: The Malvern pair

Malvern was represented by F. L. Mann (on the right) and M. K. Foster, the youngest member of the famous Worcestershire family, whose play all through the competition was well up to the family reputation



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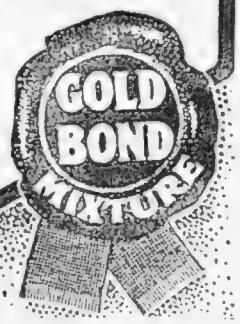

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Golf Notes and Notions

The St. George's Club Easter Meeting

Easter was very kind to the world of holiday-makers this year, and perhaps the most favoured section of mortals was that consisting of golfers. I cannot remember such a week of consistently glorious weather, and I doubt whether the oldest and most constant member of the St. George's Club could bring to mind a similar series of perfect golfing days so early in the year. Many changes have occurred at Sandwich since I was last there during the memorable Amateur Championship Meeting three years ago, when Mr. Travis wrought havoc with our best men, and carried consternation into the British camp. First and foremost, a new hotel has arisen, which enables the golfer to live by the sea instead of in the town, as he was forced to do in old days if he intended to stay at Sandwich. Now a serious rival to the Bell Hotel exists in the shape of the Guilford Hotel, which has been built a few hundred yards to the south of the fifth green, just on the Deal side of the coastguard station. Here I stayed, and am happy to say that I found my quarters not only extremely comfortable, but even luxurious. When the management realises that golfers do not require French cooking, but want only plain, solid, and well-cooked dinners of the old English variety, there will be nothing in the new hotel which the most carping golfer will be able to find fault with.

An Ideal Golfers' Hotel

Situated as it is in proximity to three of the finest courses in the South, St. George's, Cinque Ports, and Prince's, the hotel ought to become the central resting-place of the members of those three clubs. Parties staying there will have a choice of three courses over which to play, each differing from the other, and each providing a delightful arena for a series of private matches, far from the madding crowd. I would suggest to the directorate of the hotel the advisability of approaching the owner of the ground lying between the hotel and the Deal course for the purpose of laying out a ladies' course for the benefit of the lady residents of the hotel, a course sufficiently long and interesting to tempt the mere male to join the ladies in an occasional round. Such an added attraction would be a great inducement to golfers to bring their wives and daughters with them, and would, I feel sure, turn out a wise investment. Just beyond the thirteenth hole the new club-house of the Prince's Golf Club has been erected, while a fine esplanade connects the hotel and the club-house.

The Present State of St. George's

The new buildings, besides giving fine playing landmarks to the golfer, have removed the reproach of extreme solitariness which might fairly be brought against the Sandwich course in former days. As to the new Prince's course, I am bound in honour not to go into particulars, and I will, therefore, confine myself to remarking that a hurried walk over it one evening enabled me to see the promise of a superb addition to the great courses of the golfing world. But I must now come back to my Sandwich muttons, and give some account of the present state of the St. George's course and of the play of the week. We were, of course, still playing over the unaltered course and I don't suppose it has ever been in finer playing condition. The greens were in magnificent order and got keener and keener during the week under the combined influence of sun, wind, and host of players. Preparations are being steadily made for the few changes necessitated by the alteration of the course, which was sanctioned at the last meeting of the club. The first hole will be a prodigiously long one, and I am not at all sure that it would not be better to make a new green short of the present one, and make the second hole a longer one by teeing far enough back to prevent any ball going into the bunker which has now to be carried from the tee. Bringing back the first green would make it possible to make this further tee for the second hole, and would make that hole a full two-shot hole. However, the arrangement of the new course is in the best hands, and I have no doubt that if the first hole is found too monotonously long, some modification such as I have ventured to suggest will, perhaps, be tried.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

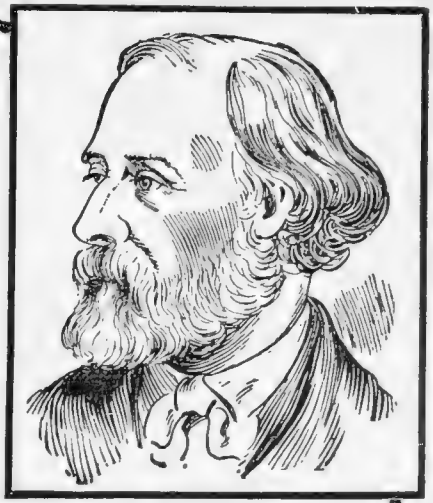
(*To be concluded next week.*)

St. George's Club Easter Meeting: C. E. Hambro and H. G. Hutchinson putting on the eighth green

The Spring Medal, on April 1, for the best Scratch Score of the day was won by C. K. Hutchison, returning 77. H. G. Hutchinson and C. E. Hambro, depicted above, returned 82 and 83 respectively. C. K. Hutchison also won the best score on the first day, March 30, after a tie with H. G. Hutchinson, both players returning 77

A Modern Tantalus.

"I once travelled from London to Manchester with an inveterate smoker, who had neglected to provide himself with lucifers, and was unable to supply his want during the entire journey. The melancholy of his visage as he regarded his pipe and tobacco impressed me deeply. Never before did I realise how great a misery is near but unapproachable happiness."—*Charles Reade.*



Smokers of refined taste obtain comfort and delight from

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

MADE IN TWO STRENGTHS.

Per oz.
Medium - 4½d.
Mild - - 5d.

an admirable blend of the choicest tobaccos.

John Player & Sons, Nottingham, will forward TESTING SAMPLES post free to applicants mentioning this paper.

ELKINGTON

SILVERWARE FOR PRESENTS.

Selections on Approval. Catalogues Free.

061,015
Silver-Mounted Cut-Glass Spirit Bottle.
14 ins. high, **16/6**

061,093
Sterling Silver Manicure Set, in Silver Casket.
Complete, **£3 : 3 : 0**

061,018
Sterling Silver Sugar Dredger.
6½ ins. high, **£2 : 7 : 6**

ELKINGTON & CO., LTD.,

London Showrooms:

22, Regent Street, S.W. (Below Piccadilly Circus.) **73, Cheapside, E.C.**

BIRMINGHAM: NEWHALL ST. | LIVERPOOL: LORD ST. | GLASGOW: ST. VINCENT ST. | MANCHESTER: ST. ANN'S SQ. | NEWCASTLE: NORTHUMBERLAND ST. | CANADIAN AGENTS: A. T. WILEY & CO., MONTREAL. | CALCUTTA: ESPLANADE.

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127, Long Acre, W.C., and 10, Old Bond St., W.

SOLE AGENTS for the United Kingdom for the

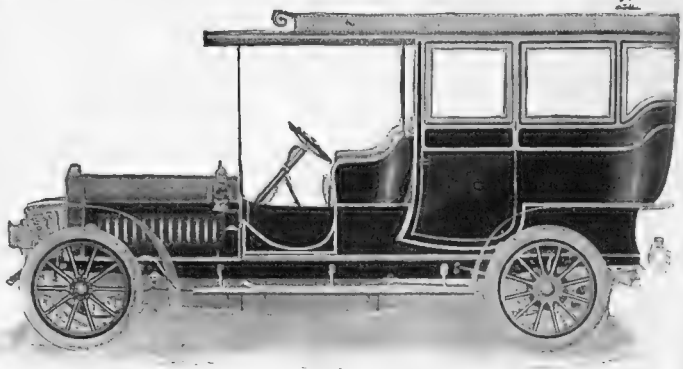
ADLER CAR.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS in ENGLAND, IRELAND, and WALES of the celebrated

"CROMWELL" Patent FOLDING WIND SCREEN, and "CROMWELL" Patent ROLLING HOOD.

SPECIALITY.—Highest-class Open and Covered BODIES for all makes of Chassis.

REPAIRS undertaken to any kind of Motor.



THE GOLD MEDAL CAR.

GLADIATOR

"IS ABSOLUTELY A.1."

Mr. COMYNS BEAUMONT in "The Bystander," March 20, 1907, says :—"I would like to remark that an 18 h.p. Gladiator is not an expensive car as good cars go. It is thoroughly reliable in every respect, is easy to drive, and for both town use and touring purposes it is absolutely A.1."

This fine tribute of praise to the all-round qualities of the GLADIATOR adds but another to the remarkable unanimity of opinions concerning this splendid car.

MAY WE SEND YOU OUR BOOKLET?

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(ENGLAND),

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TYRES AND ACCESSORIES IN STOCK.

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HUMBER CARS

AND THEIR USERS.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a Commander in the Royal Navy:

"I have just given up my 10-12 Humber car, and I feel that I ought to tell you the great satisfaction it has given me. I have run it about 7,000 miles in ten months without any trouble whatever, and have driven it hard, too. In its place I purchased a 15 h.p. Humber. I have only run it about 150 miles, but it is a revelation; the way it sweeps along the road and takes hills is perfectly marvellous, and it is absolutely quiet.

"'The Humber Purr' is well-known, and I heartily congratulate you on your new 15 h.p. model; it is beautiful to look at, and still more beautiful to drive."

15 h.p. Coventry Humber, £340.

Prices from £270. Free Trials Arranged.

Complete specifications on application.

HUMBER, LIMITED,

(Dept. 19) Holborn Circus, London, E.C., and 60-64, Brompton Road, S.W.

Works: Beeston (Notts) and Coventry.

Also at NOTTINGHAM, Grey Friar Gate; BIRMINGHAM, 280, Broad Street; MANCHESTER, 33, Blackfriars Street; LIVERPOOL, 27-33, Leece Street; SOUTHAMPTON, 27, London Road.

"CONTINENTAL" TYRES

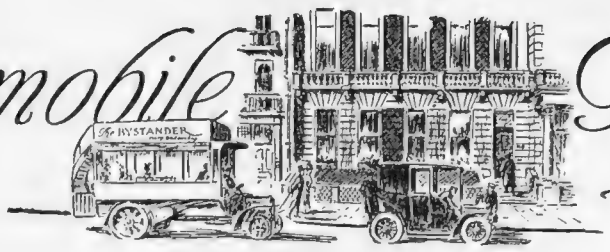
ON A HUMBER CAR.

"It might, perhaps, interest you to hear that I used your Tyres all through last season. At present I have 'CONTINENTAL' Tyres fitted on a 'Humber' Car, and I may say that I am thoroughly satisfied with the wear of these Tyres, with which I have had no trouble whatever. I can fully understand that your Tyres are not only used on small and medium-sized Cars, but from what I have seen on the road, they are also used, perhaps to a greater extent than any other make of Tyre, on big Cars such as 'Delaunay Belleville,' 'Daimler,' 'Mercédès,' and other makes.—Yours faithfully (signed), R.C.W., Lombard Street, London, E.C., April 6, 1907."

HAVE YOU TRIED "CONTINENTAL" TENNIS BALLS.

CONTINENTAL TYRE AND RUBBER CO. (Gt. Brit.), LTD., 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

An Outing on a 30 h.-p. Daimler

It is, one would suppose, rather late in the day to discuss the transcendental qualities of the Daimler car. Nevertheless, on Sunday week I had, by the courtesy of my friend Mr. Instone, one of the new 1907 pattern 30 h.-p. Daimlers with a "Canley" body placed at my disposal, and had such an interesting day that I am going to make no excuses for discussing it. For one thing, we had every possible kind of weather. In the morning, when I arose, the ground was covered with a few inches of snow, a somewhat staggering event, considering that we had hitherto been basking in almost tropical sunshine. However, by the time we were ready to start, the sun succeeded, in a modest manner at first, in penetrating through the grey, cheerless clouds. My little party, under the circumstances, lowered the Cape-cart hood, and we sallied forth merrily *en route* to Bognor for lunch.

* * *

Slushy Roads

Our road lay *viâ* Leatherhead and Dorking, where the snowfall had been decidedly generous. For miles the Daimler splashed through something like six inches of melting snow. Then we descended again to a more temperate zone, and as we got further South almost all traces of the white mantle vanished, until after leaving "The Swan" at Petworth—where most excellent accommodation can be obtained by man and motor is almost an invidious remark when I add that the hotel has lately been taken over by Mr. Green, the brother of the popular host of "The George" at Crawley—when we climbed the famous hills on the Sussex Downs. Petworth is a delightful little townlet, and from the windows of the Swan Hotel one can obtain a magnificent view of the Downs.

* * *

The Daimler Behaves Well

Our route provided an excellent test for the Daimler, for what with steep hills and sudden turnings I know of few parts which require more careful handling of the engine. But the engine ran smooth and sweet from the start. The Daimler is celebrated for her hill-climbing, and the way she took Bury Hill, near Arundel—a beast of a hill, with a length of nearly three-quarters of a mile and a gradient of 1 in 6—was beautiful. Of course, wherever we stopped, the "King of the Road," with its smart yellow chassis and tonneau, attracted universal notice. My first experience of motoring was, I remember, on a Daimler, and I have ever since had an affection for this splendid car. Its reliability, its steadiness, its quiet going, breed confidence in it. If my duties necessitated my covering a distance with clockwork regularity, and I wished to take as few chances as possible, there is no question in my mind as to what car I should select. I may mention incidentally that, from the King down, the greater part of the aristocracy seem to possess Daimlers. The chassis of the 30 h.-p. four-cylinder costs £670, and the "Canley" phaeton body a further £150. The car seats five persons, but there is room in the tonneau for a front seat if necessary.

Car-icature—No. XXII.: Mr. J. E. Hutton

He was a motoring pioneer, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He has taken an active part in several International contests, and is widely known in marine motoring circles. A sportsman and a good shot, he is also a J.P. for North Yorks

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

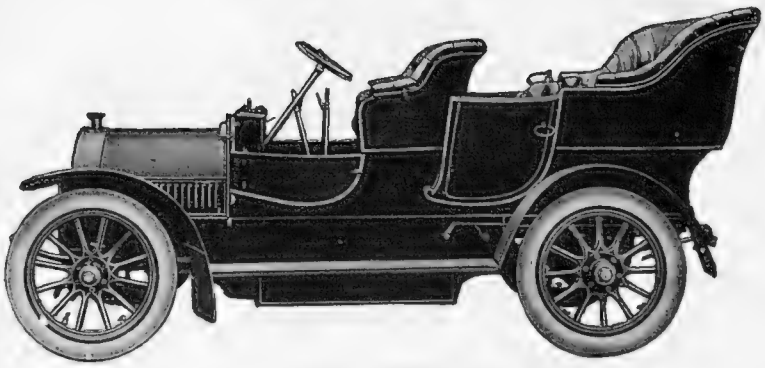
* * *

The Car as Civilising Agent

Mr. D'Arcy Baker, of the Fiat Co., sends me an interesting letter he has received from two of his men who took out Fiat lorries to the order of the Soudan Government, in connection with the Cape to Cairo Railway. The natives of Central Africa had never before seen a huge contrivance running along without visible means of propulsion. They were greatly excited, some hiding behind trees or bolting to the long grass, where they stared at the white man's devilish carts with scared faces. Before starting work a track had to be cleared through thirty miles of forest, and since the aforesaid track was full of holes made by elephants and rhinos during the wet season, it may be said that the Fiat lorries had their work cut out, especially since they were carrying heavy loads. It is pleasing to learn that the lorries are giving great satisfaction, and that the Soudan Government are going to extend the service. In

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, George Street, Hanover Square, W.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.



A 15 h.-p. Humber car

That a lady need not be afraid of a 15 h.-p. car on account of gear changing is proved by a letter from a lady which appears on this page, who drove one of these cars from Leicester to London without changing gear

tropical and sub-tropical countries, whether for business or pleasure, the motor is destined in the very near future to a tremendous boom. It will develop new countries in half the time a railroad can.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Humber Company have lately received the following letter from a lady, Miss Lane, of Leicester :—

"The question is often asked by intending buyers as to whether it is possible for a lady to drive the 15 h.-p. Coventry Humber car, so I thought a little experience I had last week might be interesting to you. I took a 15 h.-p. car from Leicester to London, *via* Kettering and Bedford, without having once to change gear, and, seeing this necessitated climbing Clack Hill, out of Market Harborough, I think it shows pretty conclusively that a lady need not be afraid of the 15 h.-p. car on account of the gear changing, as my experience has been that this car will take any ordinary hill on the main roads without any change whatever."

The Brooklands Motor Track, when complete, will be wide enough for eight to ten cars to stand abreast. With its tilted sides and the roadway hollowed out, it will resemble a huge bowl or saucer.

The Hon. C. S. Rolls writes me that, owing to the demands for six-cylinder Rolls-Royce cars—the whole of the output for 1907 being sold—it may make it impossible for him to defend the Tourist Trophy this year. Still, he hopes to be able to do so.

An important Conference is to be held at Olympia next Friday (19th) at 4 p.m., in connection with the *Surveyor's* Section of the International Building Trades' Exhibition. Papers will be discussed on road problems by many leading authorities. The joint-secretaries of this very interesting conference are Mr. Gibson Thompson, editor of the *Surveyor*, and Mr. Rees Jeffreys. Anyone wishing to attend should write to Mr. Thompson, 24, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C.

* * *

Car-icature — No. XXII.: The Motoring Magistrate, Mr. James Ernest Hutton

Few gentlemen in the automobile industry take a keener interest in the sporting side of things than Mr. Hutton, who has driven racing cars and racing motor-boats for the last six or seven years. His latest favourite is the 80 h.-p. Berliot, with which he hopes to do big things on the Brooklands track this summer. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, Mr. Hutton adopted the profession of electrical engineering, and when the motor boom began, about ten years ago, he quickly ranged himself on the side of progress, and made an exhaustive study of traffic and transport problems. Realising the educational value of open contests, the subject of this week's Car-icature took an active part in International motor races. He was third in the Nice-Salon-Nice race in 1901, won the 200-guinea Cup at Phœnix Park in 1903, and later in the year carried off the Scarisbrick Cup at Southport. In marine motoring circles, Mr. Hutton is widely known in connection with the racing boats which bear his name. He is a Justice of the Peace for North Yorkshire, and while he advocates considerate conduct on the part of motorists to all users of the highway, he is strongly opposed to vexatious persecution by misguided police officials and the imposition of unnecessary restrictive regulations. A good sportsman, a good shot, a genial, kindly, unassuming gentleman, a keen motorist and man of business, Mr. Hutton's reputation among all who know him stands as high as he himself exceeds the average stature.

D. M.

8-11 H.-P. PANHARD LANDAULETTE in guaranteed good order. A perfect car for Town and Professional use. £275, with all accessories, complete and ready for road.—CORRY HURFORD (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland St., W.

An Outing on a 30 h.-p. Daimler

An account of a run on this car appears on the first page of "Automobile Topics." The cost of the chassis of a 30 h.-p. four-cylinder Daimler is £670, while a Canley body costs £150

SUCCESS!

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

As is well known, the DAIMLER Car has been abnormally successful during the past two seasons, making fastest time in the majority of Hill Climbs, etc., beating many Cars of higher Horse Power.

A handsome list of the 1906 successes, profusely illustrated, will be sent on application to T47 Dept.

LOWEST PRICE PER HORSE POWER OF ANY HIGH-CLASS CAR

A few latest Models are ready for Immediate Delivery.

— THE —

Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.

COVENTRY: Daimler Works.

LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.

TAILORING IN ITS BEST SENSE

Tailoring in its best sense is not so much a matter of Rules as of Perception. It is a matter of assisting a customer in the Choice of Material which will suit both the person and the purpose, and of afterwards—in no fixed way—fashioning that material into a garment which will fit perfectly, be properly comfortable, and have the full appearance of having been made for the wearer with all carefulness. The Method must vary in nearly every case—the Object only remaining the same always. It is a matter of successfully combining Reason with Handicraft.

By following in his work the line of thought here indicated, and charging Moderate Prices, Mr. Bult is able to satisfy the varied requirements of those who come to him for clothes.

Patterns and Price List (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on application. It should be stated for which garment the patterns are required.

John J. M. Bult

140 FENCHURCH St. LONDON, E.C. Cash Tailor

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GOUT

No Cure—No Pay.

Anturic Bath Salts can and *do* cure Gout. We have seen this proved in so many thousands of cases that we positively guarantee it to relieve you, or we will refund your money. "Anturic" Bath Salts act in the natural way. They draw the uric acid out of your system through the pores of the skin. No drugs to take—no dieting necessary—no plasters or liniments required. The warm, pleasant Anturic Bath alone surely and completely rids you of all your pain. Begin to-day. The treatment is quite harmless and we give you your money back if it fails.

For a mild attack of Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, or any uric acid disease, three or four tins of Anturic Salts should be sufficient. Where, however, the disease is one of long standing, four times this quantity may be required, **but a few baths in either case will afford relief.** Should no benefit result, send us a certificate to this effect from your medical adviser, also the lids of the tins you have used, together with a receipt from the Chemist from whom they were bought, and we will refund your money.

Remember, no cure—no pay, when you buy

Anturic Bath Salts

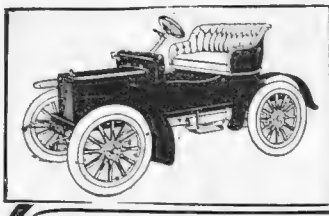
(THE ONLY GENUINE)

Of all Chemists, 1/6 per tin.

Free Book describing the peculiarities of Gout and its proper treatment post free, or with a tin of Anturic Salts for 1/6 direct from

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & Co., 74, Redcross Street, London, E.C.

156 S. D. & H.



THE CAR FOR THE MAN OF MODERATE MEANS.

6 H.P. to 20 H.P.

100 Gns. to £400.

6 H.P., 100 Gns.

ROVERS

Perfect Combination of Elegance and Sound Mechanism. Economical and Easy of Control.

THE ROVER Co., Ltd., Meteor Works, COVENTRY.

LONDON: 59 & 61, New Oxford St. W.C. *(Corner of Shaftesbury Avenue.)*

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

YOUTHS' TAILORING AND HAT DEPARTMENT.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS. HIGH-CLASS CLOTHING A SPECIALITÉ.

COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITS.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL. PATTERNS AND ESTIMATES FREE. POST ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

GRANBY.
Three-garment Suit.
Scotch and West of England Cheviots and Homespuns,
12/6 to **27/6**
Worsted, Blue Serges, and Flannels,
from **18/6** to **30/-**
Flannels, Plain and Stripe,
from **14/6**

Large Assortment always in Stock to choose from.

Boys' and Youths' Chesterfield Overcoats, from **16/6**
Youths' Rainproof Raglans, in various Shades, from **21/-**
Youths' Mackintosh Coats, from **15/6**

Black Rugby Jacket and Vest, **18/6**
Boys' and Youths' Covert Coats, **18/6**

Latest Styles, Novelties, and Materials for the present Season.

Experienced Fitters always in attendance.

ETON.

Jacket and Vest,	from	**17/6**
Trousers ...	,,	**8/6**
White Vest ...	,,	**3/6**
Silk Hat ...	,,	**10/6**

SALISBURY.
Boys' and Youths' Three-garment Suit, Scotch and West of England Cheviots, Homespuns, and Flannels,
14/6 to **30/-**
Grey Diagonals, Blue Serges, and Black Cheviots, from **21/-**
Flannels, Stripe and Plain, from **15/6**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Crême de Japon

Tel. 3501 Mayfair.

A skin of beauty is a joy for ever.

LATEST AND BEST FACE CRÉME.

Guaranteed not to produce hair.

A Boon to Lady Motorists.

In Jars, 2/-, 4/-, 6/-.

CRÊME DE JAPON CIE.,
13 & 14, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings.

The Best in the World.

STRENGTH & PURITY GUARANTEED.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Atmosphere and temperament are the two chief essentials towards the production of things artistic. And that conclusion is completely beyond all question. Time and again are French milliners and modistes transplanted to English soil, but by almost perceptible degrees does the artistic vein in them wane—that is to say, the particular artistic vein that is theirs. There are, however, various degrees or grades, or whatever it might be called, in artistic expression, and it is quite open to doubt whether the genius who controls the ladies' department at

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 6, Brook Street

would stand transplantation to Parisian circles. Mr. Thomas has a distinct temperament; hence his fine artistic rendering of the tailor-made gown—the like to which no Parisian *tailleurs des dames* could hope to attain. No one has more skill than Mr. Thomas in bringing out to perfection the best points of the well-bred English *élégante*, and yet without being in any way aggressively severe. He has the indefinable touch that makes for distinction, and opinions are unanimous that his light-weight Selvytine suits are the most conspicuously successful affairs ever produced.

The example sketched by Mrs. Dorothy Millar is in a fascinating Paris shade, the skirt cleverly pleated with a bold, over-lapping effect, and the fitted coat arranged with a quite novel corselet basque that imparts the most delightfully *svelte* appearance to the figure. The revers, cuffs, and tiny vest—the latter just peeping out below the waist—are of silk, hand-embroidered in a delicate pink floral design, outlined by fine-braided lines in black, green, and white.

Apart from their individual charm, these costumes come as a most welcome change from the inevitable tweed and flannel cloth, added to which Selvytine is blessed by the inestimable virtue of being able to withstand rain; in fact, in spite of its soft velvety surface, it may justifiably be termed a washing fabric. For motoring, golfing, and such-like pursuits, Selvytine, in one of the darker tones and built severely, cannot be surpassed for hard-wear, knock-about service. And Mr. Thomas, among his many practical innovations, has introduced a cape skirt that closes down the front, and can, at will, be worn over the shoulders, an admirable provision to meet the exigencies of the sporting woman. These Selvytine suits, furthermore, have the faculty of presenting a perfectly correct appearance at a luncheon-party, a condition under which, it will doubtless have been remarked, a rough-and-ready tweed frequently strikes a discordant note. That Selvytine has come to make history is a safe premise, and Messrs. Thomas and Sons, as the sole and exclusive purveyors, cannot be too heartily congratulated.

The Umbrella Veil

Viâ the Riviera, there has arrived a veil, of the voluminous order, fashioned of ring spot net, outlined

An Attractive Tailor-made Gown

(Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Sons by Dorothy Millar)

by a flat-pleated frill of chiffon. The exponents are almost dictatorial as to its inevitability, and, while listening humbly to their dictates, I am, nevertheless, led to speculate as to why it proves so unaccountably unattractive, in nine cases out of ten, worn by Englishwomen. And there is yet worse to come, in the guise of a chenille fringe border affair. Meanwhile, I think some meed of attention may be granted to the lace umbrella veil, also a voluminous affair, but minus any frills and furbelows, that is dropped bodily over a picturesque hat, after the manner of the conventional wedding-veil—of course, in miniature. This is really rather nice, although, to my thinking, essentially carriage wear. These veil extravagances are apt to give one "nerves" seen riding in or on a motor omnibus. And if you crave my own private and particular opinion with regard to them, I do not believe they will be inordinately affected by the elect.

Three Dainty Blouse Designs

(Sketched at John Barker's by Dorothy Millar)

And why conceal the beauteous hats we are destined to display?—hats smothered in feathers, that run from the one extreme of almost absolute straightness to a lightly curled boa, or, as it is called, lamb-tail appearance. Ah, me! there are eccentricities, indeed, to do battle with in the millinery *galère*. During the past week I have visited innumerable *ateliers* of varying grades, and have emerged from the experience with the full conviction that there will be no evading the low-drawn back poise.

Happily, it is mostly assumed, to some extent, through the medium of a brim, manœuvred in front and widened at the sides; and be it known, when the narrowing process is repeated at the back, the shape is then entitled the new Dolly Varden. A model that pleased me, somewhat after this style, was of white pedal straw, the curious dead white which that plait alone seems capable of achieving, the crown strapped across with black mousseline taffeta ribbon, caught at either side into large soft rosettes, that considerably enhanced the appearance of width, while across the front there was packed a wreath, three tiers high, of pink Rothschild roses.

I am in the mood, moreover, to exhaust myself in praise over a shape that shows the front brim curled completely up and away from the face. One of these, in nutmeg brown straw, carried as sole decoration a Sèvres blue ostrich feather, held by a large barbaric gilt buckle. Also, there is a species of *tricorne*, mostly expressed in chip, and poised quite at the back of the head, that will be ideal for the type of woman who has the necessary aplomb to live up to the bizarre. And that is a faculty, as I have frequently remarked, that is of the mind.

Blouses at John Barker's, Kensington

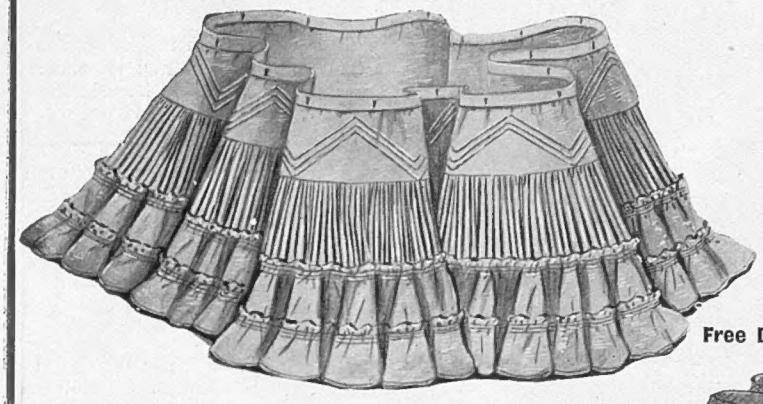
I could wish that adjectives were as prolific with me, and at the same time as impressive, as are the blouse designs at Messrs. John Barker's, the which I fain would praise at their true worth. It is the firm's secret how they contrive to produce these essentially individual, dainty, well-made confections at the prices they ask, although the secret, now I come to consider, is an open one, how the house deals exhaustively in laces, from which store they draw as demand dictates.

Whatever hand it is that controls the blouse department, it has the faculty for juggling with laces. As an instance of what I mean, take the blouse to the left-hand of group. This is entirely composed of wide edging joined together, and outlined by folds of silk in any colour, while black velvet buttons ornament the edge of the puffed elbow sleeve, and mark either side of waist-line in front. And this model, like most, is lined through with chiffon, while the price of 21*s.* 9*d.* is surely worthy to be recorded.

For the centre slip, a ring spot net is employed, gathered full from a heavy yoke of guipure, that is run through with several lines of *bébé* ribbon, emerging at intervals, to form full-loop rosettes. This, when worn, has quite an exceptionally pleasing appearance, and the price is the same as quoted above. A ring spot net again is responsible for this inspiration, the upper part an elaboration of Valenciennes insertion, united by hemstitching, the whole forming little alcoves for the introduction of heavy guipure *motifs*, softened at their lower edge by frills of net. On the sleeves a threading of ribbon is introduced, together with more *plissé* frills, the whole emphasising the utter impossibility of such confections ever being consummated at home. These represent an art that is a thing absolutely apart, and distinct from other sartorialism. And at Messrs. John Barker's this is most perfectly understood.

Silk Moirette Skirt-Frill, best quality, excellent cut; falls well. In Black, White, Navy, Sky, Mauve, Grey, Green, Violet, or in any special colour to order,

8/11



Smart pleated-net Skirt-Frill; well cut.

White or Black ground, trimmed White, Black, Sky, Mauve, or Pink Satin Ribbon.

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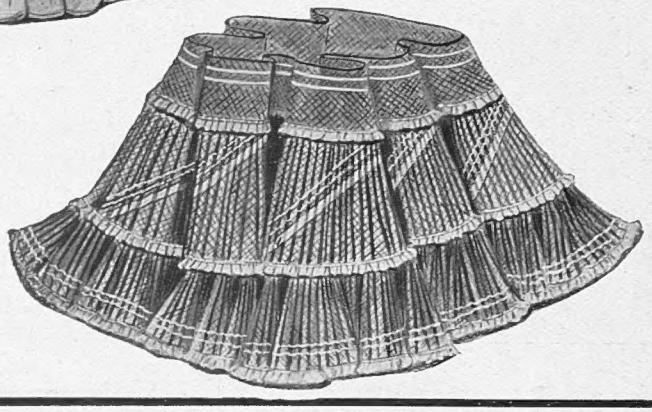

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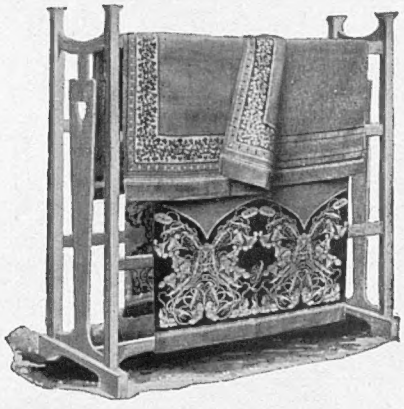

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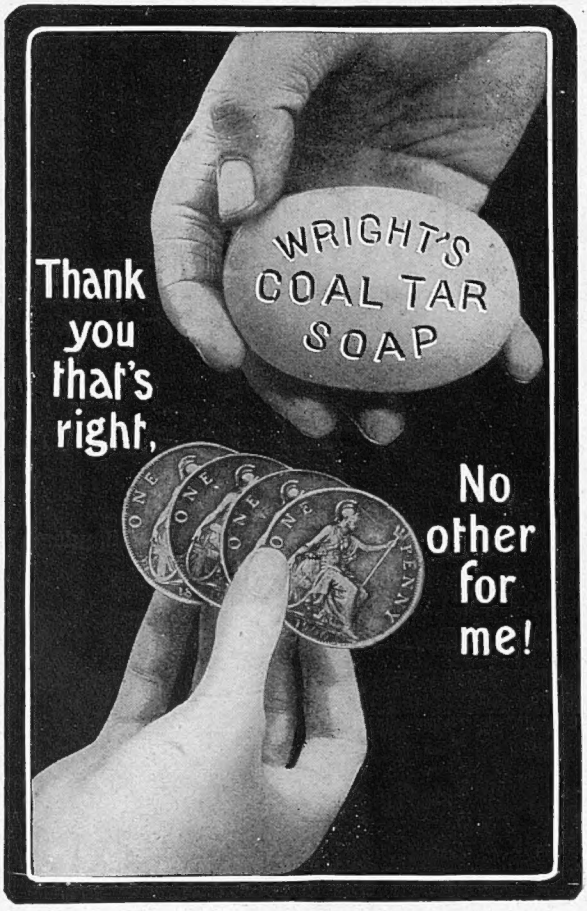

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